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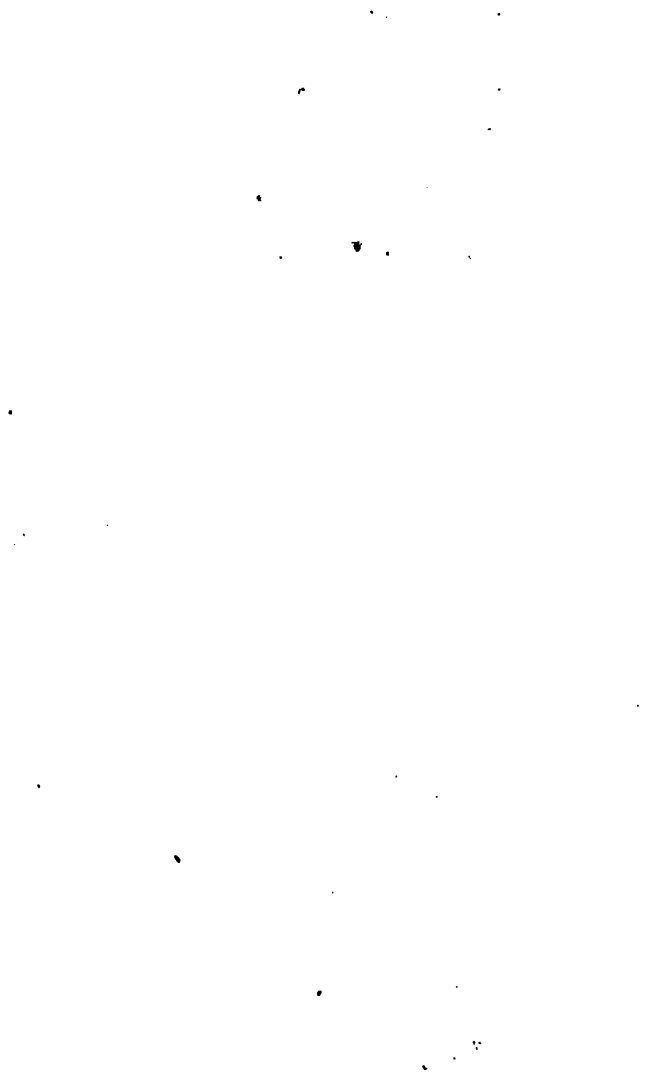
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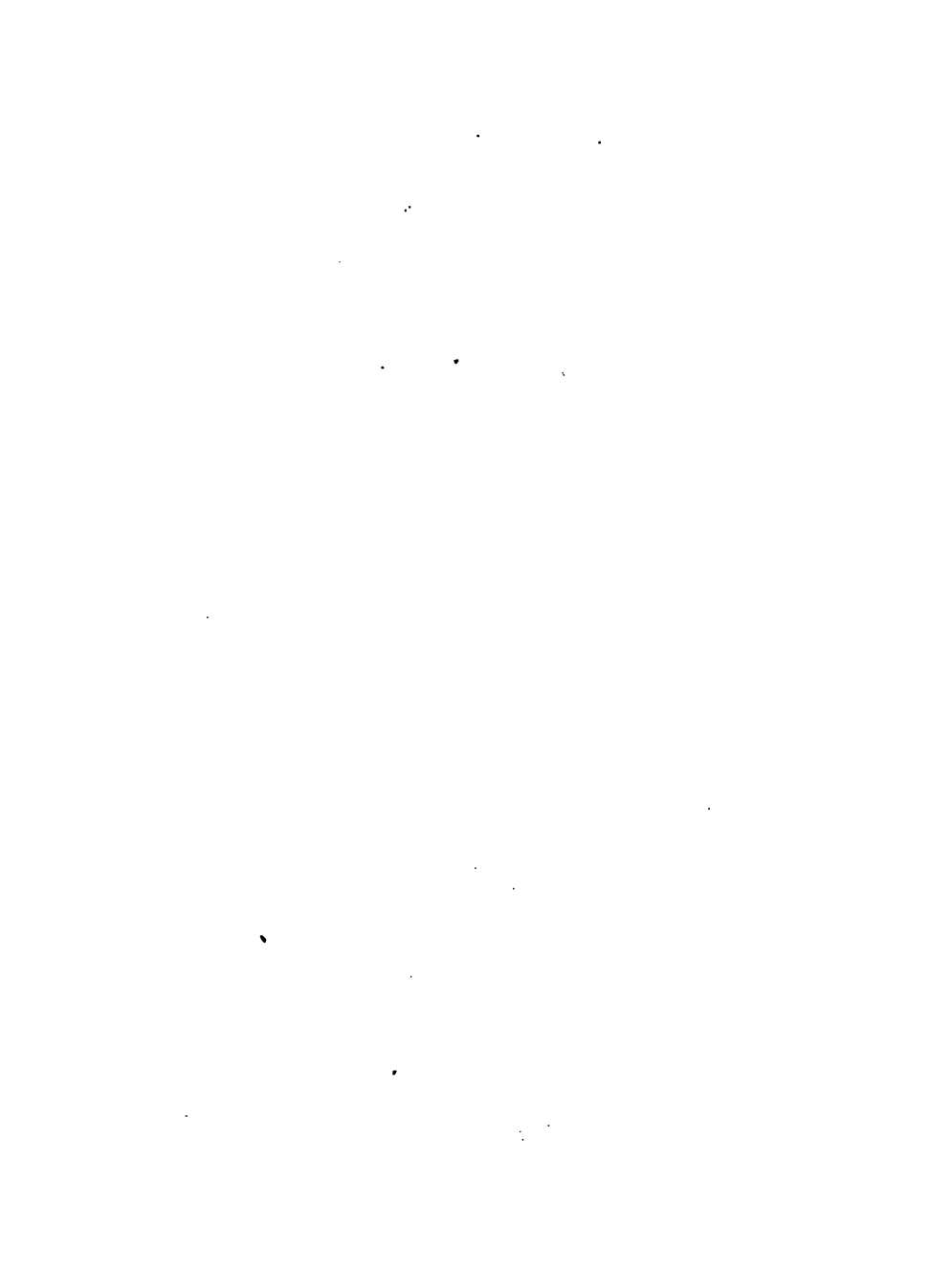
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**OR**

**WOMAN AS SHE OUGHT TO BE.**



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# A LADY'S GIFT,

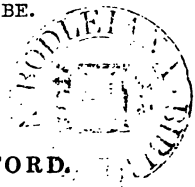
OR

WOMAN AS SHE OUGHT TO BE.

BY

JANE KINDERLY STANFORD.

AUTHOR OF "THE STOIC."



~~~~~  
"I am acquainted with a great many very good wives who are so notable and so managing, that they make a man any thing but happy, and I know a great many others who sing, and play, and paint, and cut paper, and are so accomplished, that they have no time to be agreeable, and no desire to be useful."—*Mrs. Hannah More.*  
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DEDICATION

TO

L A D Y S M I T H.

---

MY DEAR LADY SMITH,

DID I think my little tale more worthy of your notice, I should say that the dedication of it is your due, as it was at your suggestion that I attempted to form it; but fully aware as I am of its unimportance, I will only thank you for your kindness in allowing your name to be attached to it.

You will find that I have attempted to put into some form, the several ideas which we have imparted to each other, and opinions which have arisen from the many de-

lightful conversations I have enjoyed with you.

I am proud that my tale has met the approbation of one who possesses so much good taste and such a correct judgment; but that every one will regard it with the same kindness as yourself, I cannot and ought not to expect, for it is a pleasure to me to think that the affection and strong interest which you have ever evinced towards me, induce you to judge with leniency of my literary efforts.

Again thanking you for your kindness in this instance as well as in others, and wishing that I and *mine* were more deserving of it.

I am, with sincere gratitude,

Your affectionate niece.

JANE KINDERLEY STANFORD.

## PREFACE.

A FEW words are necessary regarding the formation and publication of the following little Tale, the title of which will, perhaps, convey the idea of more consequence in its matter than it really possesses.

I have not attempted to prescribe to my sex rules for their conduct through every stage of life; such an attempt would be deemed presumptuous by those who know me, and those who do not might imagine that I have scarcely said enough, nor so much as I might have done. It is impossible for the most able head to give rules for conduct which may be suited to the various characters of women, and to the situations as various in which they are placed. When a young female seeks in the books published for her information, a moral guide, she must take it from the general tenour of the matter, and not be disappointed because she does not find

4

a particular passage immediately directed to her situation, and to the difficulties either real or imaginary, which may be connected with it.

With feelings of modesty, and I hope, a just estimate of my own powers, I give the following pages to the world ; a few of the ideas which have crossed my mind, like a flash of lightning which leaves no trace of its course, have been caught in their progress, and have been written down in connection with those derived from an experience which has been short, though perhaps eventful.

Again disclaiming all attempt at being an adviser of my sex, I shall still rejoice if I have been the means of rendering one young woman mindful of her duties, and in having been the humble means by which a good and amiable character has obtained approbation and happiness, by having received an incitement to activity from a perusal of my Tale.

# A LADY'S GIFT.

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## CHAPTER I.

MRS. PIERPONT TO DR. PIERPONT.

*London, June 18.*

FOUR days have elapsed since I received my husband's letter; will he not have thought me tardy in answering it; and that I have found much difficulty in deciding upon the proposal he has made to me? You begged me to consider the subject in all its bearings; I have done so, my dear William, and until I could tell you my opinion, I would not write, although I feel sorry for the anxiety which, I am sure, my silence must have caused you.

Why, my dear William, did you choose



our first separation as the time to make such a proposal to me? Why not have waited till my return home, when I could have examined the subject more closely, and argued many points with you, much better by conversation than I can by writing?

First let me thank you for the kind and affectionate manner in which you have treated me on this occasion. How different is your conduct to that of some men, who would have acted promptly upon their own wishes, without considering the feelings of their wives. But it is as I have always found all your actions to be, upright, honourable, and considerate. Thank you again and again for having paid this compliment to my good sense and judgment, and (which I value much more) the proof you have given me, that my happiness is of more moment to you, than the accomplishment of what you are pleased to call, a *whim*.

You wish to adopt the illegitimate child of your brother. Allow me to ask if you have fully considered the consequences of this step? You must be aware, that it is

contrary to the established duties of society, and in some measure, violating its forms and respect. The adoption of the child of a stranger, or of a beggar, would be better tolerated by the world, than that of a relation unhappily born. I love the feelings of your heart which have prompted this desire ; you wish for an object on which to lavish its tenderness and affection, and not having met with such an one in either of the children of your sister, you seek for it in the unfortunate offspring of your brother. But remember, that at present you know but little of this poor child's disposition, abilities, or character ; and although she be sufficiently young to be formed after our own fashion, yet there may be some points which it will be impossible for us entirely to correct. If this should be the case, you will have subjected yourself to much disappointment. And recollect also, that the step once taken cannot be retraced. You have hitherto placed this child in a respectable school, where she is making progress in the attainment of every thing which will fit her to fill a proper situation in life,

or to earn for herself a respectable maintenance ; she has been accustomed to no luxuries, she looks forward to none ; you will take her to your home, where she will be treated as the adopted daughter of Dr. Pierpont, with more than comforts at her command ; you will give her a certain station in society ; you will give her also the idea that she will be amply provided for ; and she will make friends with those around her. All this you will do, and perhaps, after a while, you may repent the act ; you may find your conduct blamed by your acquaintances ; persons may not be so ready to welcome the stranger thus introduced, as you had expected ; you may repent, and wish the child to return to her former state, and you send her back to obscurity, with a more acute feeling of her forlornness, with ideas and wishes above her dependent situation, and with hopes which can never be realized. You *cannot, must not*, do this ; to an after rejection of her, I will never consent ; either let her remain as she now is, in ignorance of her real parentage, in the possession of the few hundreds of

pounds left her by her father, and with the prospect of labouring for a livelihood ; or, adopt her for ever ; bring her home to be in every respect a child to us. Therefore again, my dear husband, deeply reflect before you decide upon the conduct to be pursued. If determined to adopt her, and to fulfil your assumed duties towards her, in spite of the little annoyances to which you will thus subject yourself, I freely promise to assist you in cherishing and loving her ; and may we reap our reward in witnessing the virtue and happiness of the child thus given to our care in lieu of others, and while loving and befriending this one so distantly related to you, I will cease to think how dearly I could have loved our own.

Now let me tell you, that I have seen Effa ; for after I had argued the point in my own mind, I went to Mrs. Brierley's, that I might learn something of the poor child's disposition and talents, from one who has had such excellent opportunities of studying her character ; and also of her personal qualifications. Do not think me frivolous, when

I acknowledge, that my consent to adopting her, depended in some measure upon her *appearance*. Had she been an ugly, common, or forbidding-looking girl, I own, I do not think, I could have yielded; but I found her very different to this.

You know that I am very fastidious in my taste in beauty, and therefore, perhaps, will be satisfied, when I say, that Effa's face pleases me. Although she has not regular features, there is not one with which I can find fault; the charm of her countenance lies in her large, deep blue eyes, which are singular and somewhat puzzling in their expression, and in her smile, which is exquisitely sweet, though it but seldom appears, for a calm and stillness pervade her features, while her eyes speak of deep thought and feeling. There is in her deportment a dignity tempered by diffidence, a seeming knowledge of her own consequence joined to a retiring modesty, and an elegance unmingled with affectation. There may be, perhaps, too much coldness and distance in her manner, and of this, Mrs. Brierley complains, although she

assures me it does not proceed from a want of feeling, and describes her as being ever ready to render sympathy and assistance to those about her, and unwilling to give unnecessary pain to the smallest insect. Indeed, the tenderness of her disposition is so well known in the school, that her companions, when a spider or any other disagreeable insect crosses their path, say jokingly, "Oh, we may not kill it, it is one of Effa's pets." Her temper is good, quick at feeling an injury, but as quick in forgiving one, and slow to resentment. Her mind is strong and active, quick in comprehension, and steady in reasoning; no lesson, no employment gives her much trouble to accomplish; she takes pleasure in conquering difficulties, and is never satisfied with doing any thing imperfectly. Her school-fellows love, respect, and even stand in awe of her; but she is the friend of all, the impartial umpire in their games, the unbiassed judge and arbitrator in their little quarrels, the friend of the elder, and the protector of the younger ones. She truly appears to be no common character, but

one who possesses the germ of all that is amiable and interesting.

Of course, I have said nothing, either to Mrs. Brierley or to Effa, of the intended change in her situation, but, if after a further consideration of the subject, you should still wish to make that change, I shall bring her home with me ; for you know how much I prefer a home education for girls, and Effa is now of an age to require constant and unremitting attention, and is besides, capable of being a companion to us.

When my return will be, Heaven only knows. My dear friend is sinking, but there is still an astonishing degree of strength in her wasted frame, and while there is life, I cannot leave her. I wish my dear husband could be with me, and I like not this long separation from him ; but he, as well as myself, must remember that I am performing a charitable act towards a sick friend, who in early youth, was like a sister to me ; and while I can soothe her death-bed, by remaining near her, neither he nor I may murmur at being at a distance from one another.

Colonel Wrottesley bears his grief manfully; he represses his feelings when in the presence of his wife, but when alone with me he gives vent to his regrets, and I feel that it is a blow which will well nigh break his heart and prey upon his shattered constitution. It is distressing to see him and his child weep together, yet the poor youth endeavours to speak comfort to his father. Oh! long may we be spared to each other, my dearest love! Adieu.

EMILY PIERPONT.

Dr. Pierpont was the second son of a gentleman of entailed property in Suffolk, and had been established in the living of S——, which belonged to his father, some years before the unexpected death of his only brother made him the heir to the large estate, to which he soon after succeeded. He was endowed with great talents, an amiable disposition, and an affectionate heart; and had in early life become attached to the youngest daughter of Lord Ellersley; but having at that time little to offer besides



his heart, he was rejected by the ambitious parent, who regarded the happiness of his child less, than he did her establishment in life. When, however, the prospects of William Pierpont changed, and he became the heir to large entailed property, he was no longer scorned by the Peer, who now thought it an eligible connection for his beautiful daughter, to whom he could give but a small fortune.

Had Emily Ellersley been utterly penniless, Dr. Pierpont would have married her; her beauty, accomplishments, talents, strength of mind, and simplicity of character, which had stood the trial of two fashionable seasons, won his strong affections, and he thought himself blest beyond the usual lot of man, when he began his married life in the Parsonage of S——; nor did he or his amiable partner think that happiness materially increased, when the death of Mr. Pierpont caused them to remove to the Hall.

Heaven seemed fearful of blessing this amiable couple too much, and denied them a family; this was a source of regret to both, but it was not till some years after their

marriage, that Dr. Pierpont formed the wish to adopt the daughter of his brother. This wish when formed, he long nourished in secret, before he expressed it to his wife. He had a widowed sister, who, having married contrary to her father's wish, had for ever laboured under his displeasure, and was left by a worthless husband entirely dependent upon the kindness of her brother. And she had not trusted to a broken reed, for when Dr. Pierpont took possession of the family mansion, he relinquished the small Parsonage-house to Mrs. Mowbray, and settled upon her and her children the fortune which he considered would have been hers, had her father acted justly towards her.

William Mowbray, who, as well as being the godson of his uncle, might also be considered as his heir by the world, (although the entail ended with the Doctor,) had early chosen the profession of the navy, in which his kind relative had provided for him; and Louisa, the only other child of Mrs. Mowbray, not being altogether so amiable and interesting as Dr. Pierpont desired, he de-

terminated to act upon the wish he had formed, to adopt the unfortunate offspring of his brother, and to make her the child of his affections.

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MRS. PIERPONT TO DR. PIERPONT.

*London.*

It is over, my dear William, and my mournful duties are ended; my poor friend ceased to breathe last evening. Her end was calm and peaceful; she was aware of her state, blessed her husband and child, and Colonel Wrottesley received upon his lips, the last sigh of her who has been to him a highly valued wife and friend. His grief is deep, and poor Edward weeps incessantly.

I feel that I am no longer required in this house, and shall therefore return home to-morrow, and bring *our* Effa with me. If it were not for the melancholy scene I have just witnessed, how joyfully should I meet

my dear husband again, but the loss of my earliest friend and companion has cast a gloom over my heart, although it has in no measure damped my affection for you. Let the carriage meet us at Ipswich, and I would also ask you to do so likewise, if you find it convenient; but do not think this absolutely necessary, if any thing should occur to make you wish to be at home.

Colonel Wrottesley has promised to visit us, with his son, as soon as he can conveniently leave London; and I hope that a few weeks passed quietly with us, will soothe his spirits, while the pure air, and almost sea-breezes of our situation, may restore his health, which has been much impaired by anxiety and constant attendance for so long a time upon a sick-bed. I think you will like Edward even more than formerly; it is some years since you saw him, and you will find him much improved in every respect, though not altered; he has much spirit and animation, with strong, affectionate feelings, and also, much of the

pride of his family. Two years at Cambridge do not appear to have injured the purity of his character; in fact, he is a great favourite of mine, and I hope will be one with you also.

But I shall bring with me a child much more interesting to us both, and one with whom we have yet to form a close acquaintance. I trust we shall all be happy, I know that much depends upon ourselves; we have a good foundation to build upon, and we must raise the superstructure carefully and firmly, remembering that the happiness here and hereafter of a rational creature is entrusted to our hands. We must not expect too much goodness, nor may we overlook blemishes; and, I think, we may find it difficult to produce all the affection we desire, but we must have patience; the ties of kindred are new to the poor child, and she has yet to learn the blessings and happiness arising from them; but I feel certain, that as she learns these, her love will increase, and manifest itself; and if we meet not with it

at first, we must content ourselves awhile with gratitude ; in a good heart the one will follow the other, and be the stronger and more lasting, because it has its rise in thankfulness for benefits received. Adieu, my dear William, till we meet again.

EMILY PIERPONT.

## CHAPTER II.

MRS. PIERPONT had judged rightly of Effa's character, when she pronounced it to be an uncommon one. It is difficult to say which were the stronger, the affections of her heart, or the powers of her intellect; yet over both had she at the age of seventeen acquired much command; the peculiar circumstances of her situation working upon a reflecting mind, had assisted her to this.

Effa had never known any other home than Mrs. Brierley's school; she believed herself to be an almost friendless orphan, and knowing nothing of the circumstances of her birth, she regarded Dr. Pierpont with the gratitude due to a kind guardian. She loved Mrs. Brierley from habit, for she could not

avoid feeling the superiority of her own mind over that of her governess, and a coldness of manner, which that lady had acquired from her employment, repulsed any little manifestation of love which Effa would wish to give; added to which, she was quite aware that she possessed very little more of Mrs. Brierley's interest and kind affections than did the rest of her schoolmates.

Effa had frequently sighed when she heard her companions mention their friends, and had wept in secret after witnessing the preparations made for their return home. *She* had no home; there was not in the wide world one little spot, in which she could by right take up her abode; there was not among the thousands of fellow beings around her, one heart to whose affections she could prefer a claim. She felt that these indulgences, these blessings, she must win for her herself by her usefulness and worth, and must owe to her own merit, that happiness which others enjoyed without having made an effort to gain or to deserve it.

It was this conviction which stimulated



her in her studies: she knew that she was penniless, or perhaps possessing a small maintenance only: that upon herself in older life, she must solely and entirely depend. Although she derived some pleasure from the attentions of her instructors, yet who was there to receive pleasure from, and to have pride in, her acquirements? Her companions laboured at some lesson of music, at completing some drawing, with which they were anxious to surprise and delight their parents, but who was there to take an interest in hers? *Self* bounded *her* connection with the world, her little retired study was *her home*, and she thus learnt one of the true ends of all knowledge and acquirements, that of being a source of happiness to ourselves, and to give employment for the leisure hours which every one experiences. She prosecuted her accomplishments with assiduity, because she thought that they might be particularly useful to her in the future, as the means by which she might make to herself friends: her mental acquirements she pursued with intense application, for she felt that

from them she could derive much pleasure and happiness; in hours of sorrow she turned with joy to those studies which her companions desired to be rid of; that, which was to them a task, was to her a pleasure; that, which was a labour to their minds, hers rested upon with delight, because study chased away from its workings many a painful and anxious thought, when she had been vainly imagining a bliss she could never taste, and when her heart had yearned to bestow its love upon ties of kindred, which she could never know.

Yet were Effa's little drawings prized by her school-fellows, and Effa's sweet voice listened to with pleasure by them; and some of the happiest, because they were the most social, moments of the poor lonely child's life were enjoyed, when she thus gave pleasure to companions whom chance had thrown in her way, whose acquaintanceship would endure only for a few years, and from whom she must in a short time be separated for ever; *she* might think of *them*, of the hours which they had passed together, and of the

services they had rendered to each other ; but she would be forgotten by them, a circle of near and dear relations and friends, and the bustle of life would soon banish from their memories the remembrance of the orphan, who, in their hours of mirth, they had often called " the hermitess," little reflecting upon the life of seclusion and retirement to which she was in reality doomed ; or if drawn from it, only done so, to buffet with the world's scorn, its prejudices, and its harshness, through which she must work her way to an independence scarcely valuable, because her heart would still throb with emotions and feelings, without having an object to lavish them upon.

Etta experienced but few of the taunts and the petty sarcasms which the young sometimes cast upon each other, the jeers and scotfs in which childish anger finds its vent, the emulation which too often grows into rivalry and jealousy, and all the ills of school and childhood, at which we can laugh in after life : of all this, Etta tasted but sparingly : her position amongst her school-

fellows was a type of that in which she stood with regard to the world at large ; she seemed to be among them, but not of them, one who performed her relative duties towards them kindly, beautifully, and perfectly, but whose deepest sympathies and affections *they* could not touch,—one who could enter into the joys and sorrows of others, but who could have no participator in her own happiness or misery.

Thus circumstanced, was it strange that Effa's manner should speak somewhat of coldness ? She was grateful to Mrs. Brierley, and also to Dr. Pierpont, but his visits to her were made at fixed and distant intervals, and were short in duration ; his inquiries respecting the progress of her education, his constant inculcation of the necessity of improvement, and his strong representations of her self-dependence, notwithstanding his assurances of kindness and friendship, always sent her from such interviews with an aching heart and depressed spirits, which, in spite of her habitual self-command, would cause agitated and almost heart-broken tears.

What were Effa's feelings when Mrs. Brierley told her of the intended change of her situation and prospects? She assented to the praises bestowed upon Dr. Pierpont for past benefits; she willingly believed him to be the amiable person described to her, but when Mrs. Brierley told her that he was her uncle, her father's brother, the colour rushed to her face, joy for a moment beamed in her eyes, a gladness such as had never before been witnessed in the expression of her countenance, shone brightly forth; and with deep emotions of mingled happiness and timidity, she repeated, "My uncle, my father's brother, and who was my mother?"

"Of your mother," replied Mrs. Brierley, with a gesture which Effa fully understood, and which instantaneously subdued the mute expression of the poor child's joy, and gave rise to fear and doubt in her mind. "Of your mother," said Mrs. Brierley, "it is not for me to speak farther than to say that your father was never married. Mrs. Pierpont will tell you what more she may think it necessary for you to know, but I think it ad-

visible that you should make no inquiries concerning that relation, but be grateful that Dr. Pierpont thus takes you to his home, and provides for you in a very different manner to which you have hitherto expected. And, my dear Effa, let me also caution you, not to let this sudden elevation to a comparatively high situation in life, and the possession of riches, engender pride and vanity in your heart."

This advice was scarcely heard by Effa, and certainly not, at that moment, heeded. Her countenance, which had beamed brightly with joy and happiness, now spoke of sadness and depression; her hands, which she had clasped together in gladness, fell before her, while with a pale cheek and eyes fixed upon the ground, she said in a low voice, "Then I am ——"

"Illegitimate," said her companion, finishing the sentence for her rather abruptly.

Mrs. Brierley possessed as much kind feeling as belongs in general to the human kind, but she also placed much value upon wealth and station in society, and she could not un-

derstand the feelings with which her young charge received the avowal of a fact, the unpleasantness of which she thought was fully counterbalanced by the prospects in life now opened to the poor child.

Effa was motionless and mute, a big tear hung upon her cheek, but it was alone ; she stood erect, her lips were not compressed, but they were firmly closed ; her large dark eyes wandered not from the object before them, though of its particular form they were unconscious ; her respiration was natural and even ; there was a deep calmness in her form and in her features. From this state of outward composure, she was aroused by the direction of her governess to be ready to accompany Mrs. Pierpont to her future home, at a particular hour of the following day.

Effa retired to her study, there to muse upon the change in her situation in life. She had never coveted riches, she had never envied station in society, she had never considered these adventitious circumstances as being essential to happiness ; but she had

valued respectability of birth, because she had believed that she had been in possession of it ; and she had yearned for some one to love, for relations, for parents ; and now that she had gained the former by ties of blood, and the latter by adoption, she was still unhappy and dissatisfied. Of what value were riches to her, when she should inherit them by favour ? Of what value was a high station in society, when she was in it only by sufferance ? She felt that she had no claim even to the lowest ; that the meanest beggar in the street, who solicited charity from her hand, was in birth her superior. She endeavoured to derive consolation from the reflection, that it is the cold forms of this world, the prejudices of man, and the exclusiveness of his laws, which thus cast a lasting stain upon her birth ; that God regards with love and sends His blessings upon all classes alike ; that in His kingdom there is no distinction of persons or ranks, no mark of honour, save that of virtue ; but still the cloud remained upon her brow, still the stigma upon her birth, pressed upon her mind and heart.



The news of Effa's good fortune spread quickly among her school-fellows, and one little one, who had been the object of her greatest care and attention, stole to her study that she might be the first among her associates to congratulate her; and much was the child surprised to find the object of her search in tears.

For a moment she stood before her friend in silence, regarding her with pity and astonishment, her hands gently resting upon Effa's knees; at length she said, "I thought you would be very happy now, Effa. Why should you cry? You are going to be rich, and to have a home of your own, and friends to love you. Surely I must be the one to cry, for when you go away, there will be no one to love me."

Effa threw her arms round the child's neck, and sobbed convulsively. She then quickly drew a comparison between her situation, and that of the little creature who had seated herself upon her knee, the orphan child of charity; she blamed herself for not being sufficiently grateful for the favours

bestowed upon her, and as the advantages of station and wealth passed through her mind, she resolved to use them in assisting the child who had hitherto been the object of her greatest love. She was young, and as her tears dried, and her first emotion ceased, she thought of the happiness to be derived from riches, of the gay scenes upon which she should now enter, of the pleasures which she should now enjoy; then again would a doubt of the happiness of all these, chase the smile from her lips, and gladness from her eye. She knew that every station has its peculiar duties and proprieties, and that a change of it necessarily brings a consequent alteration in our habits to fill it rightly and justly; hitherto her duties had been humble and circumscribed, in future they would become of more importance, and their sphere enlarged; was she equal to a right and proper performance of them? She had hitherto lived secluded, and had been an unnoticed, and almost an unknown member of society; in future her home would be one of splendour, and she would be an observed actor upon the

world's stage. She felt that she was exchanging a certainty of little happiness, for the uncertainty of greater, the peacefulness of obscurity, for the watchfulness of notice — the safety of lowliness and poverty, for the dangers of dignity and riches — the independence of self-reliance, for subjection to the will, perhaps caprice, of others — and fear, doubt, and distrust of her altered fortune moved her heart alternately with the undefined joy and pleasure which youth attaches to the possession of the goods of this world.

## CHAPTER III.

MRS. PIERPONT was quite aware of the responsible charge she had taken upon herself, in the education of Effa ; she felt that next in strength to the conjugal affections are the parental, and likewise that next to the duties of a wife in importance, are those of a mother. She considered children to be a blessed gift from Heaven, the highest trust bestowed upon man. We receive them pure and undefiled, possessing in their minds and hearts the germ of all that is good and beautiful ; these germs we are to foster and cultivate, and to do our utmost that these innocent beings shall return pure to Heaven, with all their beauties heightened, their virtues increased and perfected by action, the capa-

cities of their minds awakened to a perception of their duties, and their characters rightly formed by a proper performance of them.

Mrs. Pierpont had no desire that her adopted daughter should be a heroine, or a prodigy, her wish was that she should be perfect as a woman; and her endeavour would be to give her such an education as should enable her to fill with honour the several situations of daughter, wife, and mother. These she considered to be the bounds proscribed to her sex, and which she could not pass without becoming, in a certain degree, unnatural, and losing the situation in the arrangement of things established by the Creator of the universe, who has assigned to every part, even the most minute of his wondrous work, a peculiar station, from which it cannot swerve without injury to itself and to the whole, as by so doing it destroys that regularity and appropriateness of the constituent parts which forms one of the greatest beauties of the creation.

Every individual of the great whole, from

"man, the noblest work of God," to the small insect which lives but a summer's day, has its duties assigned it, and is endowed with power and abilities suited to the performance of those duties; that which in animals is termed *instinct*, in man becomes *reason*; by that great gift he is made a candidate for immortality; by the proper use of the faculties with which he is endowed, he ensures for himself everlasting happiness hereafter, while by misusing them, he sinks himself below the slimy reptile which crawls from out his path, or the smallest herb that opens its perfect leaves to the noon-day sun. God in giving man reason, has also given him understanding and reflection to exercise and perfect it; *he* only of all animals possesses the faculty of acting voluntarily, and this power he employs sometimes to increase the virtue of his character, and sometimes to render it vicious. Reason is a trust from Heaven, of the use of which we shall be obliged to give an exact account to the great Judge of all. Heaven and immortality are promised to us, and the path is shown us by

which we may reach them, but we must labour for ourselves, and the power to do so raises us above the other parts of the creation ; and in proportion as the virtues of a man elevate him, or his vices degrade him, he assimilates himself to the celestial spirits, or to the vilest animals.

The intercourse of mind draws man to man, and the interchange of the affections induces the mutual dependence of man and woman.

Woman's charm lies in the affections of her heart—to her tenderness and sympathy man turns in his hours of sorrow, and receives from it his best earthly consolation—the peaceful quiet of his home soothes his spirits when ruffled by an intercourse with a harsh and unfeeling world—the smile of his wife chases the frown from his brow—her affection banishes the remembrance of coldness met with elsewhere—her unwearied attention and nursing soothes his bed of suffering—her untired patience silently teaches him resignation under adversity—her devotedness clings to him when all others forsake him—her industry and activity banish confusion from

his hearth—her unobtrusive economy guards it from want, and produces comforts and even luxuries from a small store—her well directed charity gains for him thanks and blessings from the poor and needy—her ever ready welcome and gentle urbanity secures to him friends—she encourages in his offspring those qualities which will render them blessings to him to his old age, and she disinterestedly delights in the love they bear to him. These are her duties, her employments, her pleasures; and thus are they as important, and her endowments as beautiful and as great, in their kind, as are those of man; and she ought to rest content with the rank assigned her in created things, to be grateful that she is gifted with powers of mind and body, proportioned and adapted to the part she has to act, and not to seek or to wish to be the *rival* of man.

These were Mrs. Pierpont's ideas of woman in her social and domestic character, in which she could not attain to perfection without feeling her responsibility as a religious being.



Although she deprecated extremely the custom of making the Bible the first book which a child reads, and it appeared to her almost sacrilege for an infant who can scarcely put two letters together, to spell over a chapter of the Bible, and read that as a task which ought to be the greatest pleasure to her; which, in her childhood, she cannot understand, but to which, in youth, womanhood, and old age, she may turn for the best precepts of morality, and sweetest consolations under afflictions; and as little approved the custom of making it a book for a lesson of translation and common study; yet she felt that the importance of a perusal of the Scriptures cannot be too strongly impressed upon the mind of youth.

From a contemplation of the Sacred Writings, a religious knowledge is obtained, to which we are urged by our duty as well as by our dearest interests; and she considered it to be a volume which should be looked upon with reverence, love, and holiness: to be read with care, attention, and understanding: to be our morning and evening com-

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panion, but not to be displayed to every eye; that it must be read in secret—digested in secret—and be the secret mover of all our thoughts, all our feelings, and all our actions.

The pure language of the Sacred Writings teaches a belief in a Supreme Being, the Creator and Ruler of the universe, the loving Father of his creatures, the righteous and merciful Judge of man, to whom he sent his Son that he might point out to mortals the path to eternal life in that heaven, where the good are for ever blest. These are the great points of faith which are gathered from the Scriptures, and they are all sufficient to guide us through life; they are able to form the hope and happiness of a virtuous heart—to comfort a sorrowing one—and to reclaim an erring one.

All religious controversy, Mrs. Pierpont wished carefully to guard against with Effa, for it was her opinion that it encourages doubt and perplexity upon points which are not essential to our eternal welfare, and gives rise to feelings which are incompatible with it. The different understandings of men,

the various interpretations which they have given to detached sentences of scripture, the disputes which have arisen therefrom, all have occasioned the many sects of religion; and she thought it sufficient for one of her sex to recollect that God, and his laws, have remained unchanged since the formation of the universe; He made heaven and earth, and such as He made them, such have they continued, and will continue; and His laws will exist for ever, He only can change them.

It is man, who, in the folly of his wisdom, and according to the narrow prejudices of humanity, has endeavoured to explain the nature of the Divine Being, and the intention of His decrees; and forgetting that the Creator is the common, and loving Father of all men — that the earth is the habitation of all — and heaven the promised reward of all — has, by limited interpretations of the scriptures, made God a partial judge—heaven the everlasting home of a few only — and has spread on earth, ill-will, hate, and discord.

A belief in God, and in a world to come, inspires us with love and benevolence to—

wards our fellow-creatures — a just estimation of ourselves—it gives us comfort in sorrow — patience under our afflictions — and teaches us that this life is but a preparation for that which has no end — to rejoice with trembling — to mourn with hope — to regard death without fear, and as the means of gaining eternal life, happiness, and peace, if we shall have done the will of our Father who is in heaven.

She, who thus believes, has built her hope upon a rock,— the world cannot overturn her happiness, she can bear its frown, and will not trust its smiles. On God is her heart fixed, and in Him she feels that she possesses a Friend, more powerful than any other, who will for ever cherish and protect her.

With Effa's progress and acquirements in the usual branches of education, Mrs. Pierpont was quite satisfied, and rejoiced to find that they had been pursued from a feeling of their usefulness, and the real pleasure to be derived from knowledge of every kind.

To what are generally termed *learned women*, Dr. and Mrs. Pierpont entertained a great

aversion, but they could discern a wide difference between a well-educated woman and a pedant. The former is a rational companion, who enlivens the social hour ; the latter is one who, neglecting and scorning the homely duties incumbent upon a woman, stores her mind with deep learning, and thus encroaching upon the province of man, by him is considered with astonishment, rather than admiration, with pity rather than love ; while, by the greater part of her own sex, she is looked upon as one who has quitted their pale, and having done so, loses that gentle fellowship which binds them together.

The dislike of, and outcry against educated women, has arisen from an improper display which some have made of their knowledge, and the ardour with which they have pursued abstruse studies at the expense of those avocations and employments which more immediately belong to their sex ; when they have been engaged in solving a problem, translating a difficult passage, or calculating the distance of a fixed star, while their house has been in disorder, their children in rags,

their husbands neglected, and themselves presenting a picture of any thing but that neatness which is so incumbent upon a woman.

Knowledge is like riches ; the source of much happiness or misery according as we make a good or bad use of it ; if the former, we cannot possess too much of it ; if the latter, the less we possess the better. It requires as much honesty in collecting, as much care in keeping, and as much prudence in distributing. And surely if the possession of it, enables a woman to perform her duties more perfectly, to be the instructress of youth, and the friend and rational companion of man, it cannot be amiss to cultivate her mind. Ignorance is a fruitful source of error, and although it may sometimes be an excuse and palliative for misdeeds, it negatives virtue, and takes from the perfection of our character, by rendering us the children of habit, rather than of reason.

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The idea that she was to earn her livelihood, had acted as a strong stimulus to her in her studies, and now when that prospect was no longer before her, she pursued them from a pure love of them, and with a desire to please those who had so kindly assisted her in acquiring them, and so generously placed her above depending upon them for a maintenance.

The strength of Effa's moral principles, the particular prejudices of her mind, and emotions of her heart, could be proved only by time and circumstances which should call them forth. There was at present, in her behaviour towards her kind friends, a waywardness and instability, which did not form a part of her natural disposition. At one moment she was affectionate, cheerful, and even playful; at another she was reserved and almost cold; for her mind could not at once and suddenly lose the habit it had for so many years encouraged of working within itself; nor could her heart suddenly expand to receive and to give affections, from a knowledge of which it had till this time been de-

barred. She had been, in fact, an isolated being, and much time would be required to make her feel and act with that reference to others which is characteristic of, and constitutes the great beauty and pleasure of the social state, from which she had hitherto been, as it were, almost entirely precluded. With great good sense and kind feeling, her relations forced nothing either upon or from her; every attention and manifestation of affection which they received from her, they accepted with thanks and returned with equal love. They eagerly embraced every opportunity of studying her character, and although there were in it, defects which gave them pain, they attributed her errors to the peculiar circumstances of her early life, and rejoiced in the discovery of much that was admirable and praiseworthy. Each succeeding day made them and their young charge better acquainted with each other, and they daily learnt some good trait, upon the existence of which, to congratulate themselves, and to justify their increasing affection; while Effa, gradually became accustomed to the habits

of the new scene in which she was placed, to the new ideas, and emotions, which her heart and mind were hourly called upon to embrace ; and as she laid down to rest, she seldom thought with regret of her former life, but felt grateful that she was thrown into communion with her fellow-creatures : still the word so coldly and thoughtlessly uttered by Mrs. Brierley pressed upon her mind, and raised a strong curiosity to know more of her own history, and often was she upon the point of inquiring concerning her mother of Mrs. Pierpont, but as often was restrained by timidity, and a dislike to recur in the slightest manner to the circumstances of her birth, even with one whom she so much admired and almost fondly loved.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE adoption of Effa could not take place without creating much amazement, wonder, and surmises among the gossiping associates of the little village of S——, as Dr. and Mrs. Pierpont were highly respected by their neighbours, with whom they occasionally visited.

As the clergyman of the parish, Dr. Pierpont had formerly noticed rich and poor alike, and when he became the squire as well as the pastor of the little village, he felt no inclination to discontinue this kind habit ; calls were interchanged with his parishioners from the man of wealth to the master of the only shop which the place boasted, and neither he nor his amiable partner confined their visiting

to their equals in rank or fortune ; therefore was the arrival of Effa hailed with joy by the younger members of the small community, who hoped she would prove a valuable acquisition to their friendly meetings; while their parents expressed their astonishment at this proceeding of their worthy rector's, who had adopted a forlorn and unknown being, in preference to the daughter of his sister, and the opinions entertained of his conduct were as various as the characters of, and equalled in number the females of the village.

" Well," said Mrs. Wright, the wife of the shopkeeper, " I shall certainly call at the Hall; but first I will go to poor dear Mrs. Mowbray; it must be a sad disappointment to her and to Miss Louisa, for of course they naturally expected that all the doctor's property would go into their family."

Such might have *naturally* been the expectation of Mrs. Mowbray, but she had never expressed it to any one, and she was too much attached to her brother to feel hurt at any plan which he pursued to increase his happiness, although it might militate against

the worldly advantages of herself or children. She was a weak woman, but she had been miserable in her married life, and she had sufficient sense and feeling to acknowledge that she owed her present happiness to the kindness and generosity of her brother. Her only son was rising in his profession, and was contented with its emoluments, and therefore if the thought of his inheriting the family property had ever entered her mind, it did not long remain there ; and while she looked upon the pretty face of her daughter with a mother's pride and love, she thought of nothing more for her, than a competency with a respectable man, sighing deeply as she breathed the wish that Louisa's fate in the married life might be a happier one than her own had been. With these feelings, *she* also heartily welcomed Effa's appearance at S—, and hoped that she would prove an agreeable companion to her daughter.

But Effa's reserve, without repulsing acquaintanceship, checked familiarity from those whom she did not love ; and at present she had met with no persons whom she could

love, except her uncle and aunt, therefore she was as yet a stranger to almost all the inhabitants of S——, many of whom had seen her only at church : and before she had made acquaintance with some, or formed a friendship with any, Colonel Wrottesley and his son arrived at the Hall, to spend a short time before the former should leave England for the south of France, whither he was going with the hope to restore his health.

As the most intimate friends of her uncle, Effa was disposed to regard these visitors with more than usual interest, and almost wished to find in Edward an agreeable companion of her own age. But the expression of his countenance upon his introduction to her, quickly checked this hope, and indeed withered it ; for there was in it a studied coldness, and in his manner a grave politeness and hauteur, which seemed to indicate that he had no wish for intimacy. Effa, far from feeling chagrined or humbled by this, circumstance, which was so different to that which she had expected to meet with, attributed it to the pride which she had heard

Mrs. Pierpont mention as being the almost only failing he possessed, and became even more than usually cold and reserved in her demeanour towards him.

Towards Colonel Wrottesley her feelings were very different, and the warmth of them showed itself in her manner; he was in sorrow, and she sympathized with him; he was suffering from ill health, and she pitied him; she was frequently the companion of his rambles among the woods and the green fields, and upon the shore of the broad river which on one side bounded the park; and the tenderness of her manner, her sweet smile, and joyous but gentle spirits, were not checked by the presence of Edward, who at such times would feel grateful to her for the exertions she successfully made to amuse and give pleasure to his father, although no thanks ever passed his lips, and the coldness of his carriage was not lessened; even these rambles did not produce a greater degree of familiarity, nor forward a feeling of friendship between them; and at the end of three weeks, when Colonel Wrottesley took his



departure, their manners towards each other spoke of almost as much strangership, as at their first interview.

While arranging with Dr. Pierpont, that Edward, who was studying at Cambridge, should pass his vacations at S——, Colonel Wrottesley smiled at Mrs. Pierpont's suggestion of danger in his being so much the companion of Effa.

"My dear Madam," said the Colonel, "we must run the risk of Edward's falling in love with your pretty niece; I feel it to be a less danger than leaving him entirely his own master, and without a home, or advising friend. At present," he continued smiling, "I think there is very little danger for either parties, for there seems to be not even a feeling of friendship between them; this I certainly regret, for I fear it may make his residence here unpleasant to you."

"Indeed, it will not have that effect," replied Mrs. Pierpont, "and I hope, as they shall become better acquainted with the worth of each other's characters, that they will be firm friends to each other. If that

should be the case, I shall rejoice, but if my fears prove true as to a warmer feeling taking place between them, what shall we do?"

"Oh! send the boy quickly to me;—and yet Effie is a sweet girl, and under your guidance, dear Madam, will become an amiable young woman. ¶As your *adopted daughter*, Dr. Pierpont," continued the Colonel, with emphasis, "I would willingly receive her into my family, should I ever be desired to do so. But we are tormenting and puzzling ourselves unnecessarily, upon an event which may probably never occur. During my sojourn on the Continent, let this house be Edward's home, and be parents and advisers to him; you, my dear Doctor, must direct his studies, and assist him in his choice of a profession, for I have not sufficient fortune to maintain us both in idleness; and I leave him, without the least anxiety, to your kind attentions, my dear Madam, and to the fascinations of your beautiful little girl."

Thus were the young people doomed to be inmates of the same house for many months,

it was the home of both, and Dr. and Mrs. Pierpont were the parents of both. They were unavoidably thrown much together, they read together, walked together, and pursued nearly the same amusements. Edward was very musical, and frequently accompanied Effa on the piano with his violoncello, or joined her in a vocal duett; but neither ever asked the other to do this, they met at the piano, as it were by instinct; they walked or rode together by chance; and although each felt a greater interest in the other rising in their hearts, and each seemed to study more attentively the character of the other, yet the original reserve was but little diminished on either side.

Mrs. Pierpont smiled, as she attentively observed the conduct of the young people towards each other. She knew both to be proud: and although aware that this failing required correction, she felt that Effa was the more excusable. Edward's pride was that of birth and station, which could not readily stoop to the level of an inferior in those qualities: Effa's was a pride of self,

founded in the knowledge of her respectability and worth of character, which spurned with resentment the hauteur of superior parentage.

But while the kind observer wished to correct both, she left it to time to offer her an opportunity of doing so ; to enter abruptly upon the subject with either, would, in all probability, create a greater dislike between them. She loved them, and knew perfectly the good in each character, and felt sure that Edward, who possessed great good sense, much independence of mind, and a warmly affectionate heart, could not long be the daily companion of Effa, without doing justice to her worth ; his very pride, his fear of being too much interested in her, made him more observant of her character, and Mrs. Pierpont often remarked with pleasure, his intense and scrutinizing gaze fixed upon her dear charge.

Effa appeared totally careless of pleasing her young companion ; she was coldly civil to him. This perfect freedom from a desire of interesting him, the entire absence of vanity

and conceit in her disposition, rendered her manners completely artless and unstudied; they were natural and unrestrained. She uttered every sentiment, thought and feeling, to Mrs. Pierpont, with perfect freedom in his presence, and without thinking of the effect they might produce upon him; but she was not unobservant of him, and while her attention seemed to be engrossed by another object, it was employed in studying his character and disposition, and she would sometimes feel vexed that she could discover nothing blameable in either, save his pride of bearing towards herself, a disappointment which vented itself in an increased reserve of manner.

Under these circumstances, Mrs. Pierpont never for one moment thought that a stronger feeling than that of friendship (to which point, indeed, they had not yet arrived), could arise between them; but she was mistaken; she had yet something to learn of the human heart: for she knew not that the love which sows itself slowly, makes root, and grows, despite of adverse circumstances, till it be-

comes too strong to be crushed ; of this fact all parties were as yet in ignorance.

At length, Mrs. Wright found leisure to make a morning call at the Hall, with the intention of forming an acquaintance with Effa. The introduction was made, but our heroine, not being prepossessed by the good lady's appearance and manner, in her favour, had resumed her work, leaving her Aunt the task of entertaining the visitor ; and Edward following her example, with more rudeness, continued reading in a further part of the room.

After some desultory conversation, Mrs. Wright asked of Mrs. Pierpont, " Do you not think, Madam, that Miss Pierpont is very like her mother's family ?"

Effa's attention was roused by the word mother, which Mrs. Pierpont perceived, and replied, " It is a point on which I have never thought," in a tone, which to any one else, would have implied her wish not to pursue the subject. But Mrs. Wright did not understand tones, and said,

" Indeed ! the likeness has struck Mr.

Wright and myself very strongly. To be sure, Miss Effa is very like her papa also. Of course you have seen your grandfather," she continued, turning to Effa, who regarded her intently; "your mother was very like him; indeed, there is a strong family likeness in the Smith family."

Effa's eyes and attention were now rivetted upon Mrs. Wright; she seemed to forget every thing but that she was receiving some clue to the history of herself,—a history, the knowledge of which she had so long, so ardently desired. And poor Mrs. Wright seemed quite willing to make her acquainted with every particular relating to her birth; for in spite of Mrs. Pierpont's endeavours to change the conversation, she said, having mistaken Effa's look, "I mean old Smith, the gamekeeper. But I don't wonder that you did not know who I mean, we have so many Smiths in our village; though I do not know that the others are related to you."

The work dropped from Effa's hand, as she unconsciously, and scarce audibly, said, "Smith, the gamekeeper!"

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Pierpont, determined to put an end to a subject which gave pain to her dear child, "Effa was perfectly unacquainted with her connection with that family."

"Oh!" I beg pardon," exclaimed Mrs. Wright, "I thought she must have known who her mother was. I hope I have not done wrong." Then turning to Effa, she said, renewing an invitation which had been given before, "I beg pardon. I hope you will dine with us to-morrow, or I shall think I have offended you."

Effa bowed mournfully, her thoughts were fixed upon the disclosure which Mrs. Wright had made; she rose when that lady took her leave, and remained for some moments mute and motionless, with her eyes fixed upon the ground. Mrs. Pierpont and Edward, whose attention had been roused by the subject, both regarded her, for some time; till Effa broke the silence, by saying, as if to herself, "The grand-daughter of my uncle's game-keeper," not without bitterness and sorrow.



Mrs. Pierpont wished to pursue the subject, now that they were alone, and before Effa's mind had leisure to dwell longer upon it. "Effa," she said gently, "you are mortified."

The poor girl started, and the colour rushed to her cheeks, "Oh," she said earnestly, "do not blame me. You know not, you cannot conceive the desire I have had to know who was my mother, and now the mystery is solved; it might have been done in a kinder manner," she said, sighing deeply.

Mrs. Pierpont observed, "If I had thought it necessary to give you a history of your parentage, I should have done so, Effa. Now, however, I must continue the subject, although I fear it will give you pain. I saw that you were annoyed by the freedom with which Mrs. Wright addressed you, and allow me to say, that you resented it with too much pride."

"I have no right to be proud," said Effa, mournfully.

"We have none of us," said Mrs. Pierpont, "any right, as you term it, to be proud

of our worldly advantages, I mean of birth and station, for we have no control over them; therefore we must not be puffed up with pride, because we are among the nobles, nor be cast down, because we are derived from the plebeians. In every station there is a just and proper mean, which ensures respectability and happiness; for true greatness consists in the exercise of the benevolent virtues."

"I know it," said Effa, with earnestness, "Indeed, indeed, I am not proud, but——"

"But," said Mrs. Pierpont, "you had rather have been the daughter of a Peeress;" and aware that she had entered upon a subject, in discoursing upon which she might be of service to Edward, as well as to Effa, she continued: "Social life has necessarily created different grades of society; we are not equally useful; profitable talents are not spread equally amongst us. The man whose genius invents what an inept man executes; he, whose wisdom is the light of a whole people; he, whose valour is their defence, must unavoidably have advantages over their

opposites ; an active and intelligent man, also, who is economical of the riches gained by his labour, or acquired by his talents, or if inherited, who uses them to the benefit of his fellow-creatures, has a certain right of possession, enjoyment, and property, which the idler who envies his wealth, and the dissipated who has consumed his own, cannot possess. The higher our station in life, and the nobler our birth may be, the more duties have we to perform, and the greater is our responsibility as christians. Pride makes us value ourselves upon our ancestral banner, and nobility of blood ; it is right that we should rejoice in being descended from a long line remarkable for their virtues, but how vain is it to pride ourselves upon mere nobility ! Titles are but empty sounds, they do not imply the possession of virtue, and they too frequently accompany vice and ignorance.”

Edward drew nearer to the gentle speaker, which she observed, rejoiced at, and continued, “ Pride of riches is equally absurd ; they are given us in trust for the benefit of our fellow-creatures, to be used in alleviating

the necessities of the poor and needy, and the more we possess of them, the more extended are the services required of us, and the more strict will be the examination as to the uses to which we have applied them."

"I am aware of all this, my dear aunt," replied Effa, "and if I could describe to you, what were my feelings when you first brought me here, you would know how very little pride of birth, or of riches, is in my nature. My pride was of a different character, but I have been wrong to indulge it. I will correct myself, for," she added mournfully, "who am I?"

"My dear Effa, I think you have a little mistaken the nature of your feelings; and that there is in them a little more worldly pride than you are aware of. You care not for birth, any more than as it has an influence with the world. And, perhaps, you value it very little even on that account, still you wish that yours had been different."

"Surely such a wish is natural," observed Edward, as he regarded the varying tints of Effa's cheek.

Effa thanked him by an expressive look, as she said, "I am —" she could not pronounce the word which had been so unfeelingly uttered by Mrs. Brierley.

"My dear Effa," said Mrs. Pierpont, "you are peculiarly situated, and therefore have peculiar duties enjoined you. You show neither your submission to God, nor your gratitude to those who have taken you from obscurity, by murmuring at the unfortunate circumstances of your birth. To conceal those circumstances, if indeed that were possible, would be to live in continual deceit with mankind, and would subject you and ourselves to much anxiety. Far better is it, that they should be avowed, though not unnecessarily; the better part of mankind, believe me, are inclined to regard young people who are similarly situated with yourself, with kindness; and it rests with yourself by the exercise of the talents and virtues, with which God has endowed you in common with others, to win for yourself a station in society, and the respect and esteem of your acquaintances. We are all subject to petty annoy-

ances, and you must learn to bear those which fall to you with patience and forgiveness."

The tears rolled down Effa's cheeks, and as she threw her arms round her aunt's neck, she exclaimed, "Oh! do not speak to me so solemnly. I have been wrong, but I will, in future, be all that you can wish."

"I am sure you will, my dear child," replied Mrs. Pierpont, affectionately kissing the weeping girl. "If I did not love you, Effa, I should not attempt to correct you, for it pains me almost as much as it does yourself to do so."

Effa, when she raised herself from the friendly embrace of Mrs. Pierpont, looked timidly towards Edward, smiling through her tears, and holding out her hand to him, she said, "And you also think me a proud girl."

"I *have* thought so," returned Edward, as he pressed the hand he held in both his own. "We have both received correction, and I trust we shall profit by it. We have misunderstood each other's characters, but in future I hope we shall be better friends. There is

one point on which our opinions and affections meet," he continued, bowing to Mrs. Pierpont; "we admire and love our kind friend."

"Bless you both, my dear children," exclaimed that kind friend, touched by the affectionate manner of the young persons, who were so dear to her. "Bless you both."

"Must I go to Mrs. Wright's to-morrow?" inquired Effa.

"Yes, I wish you to do so; her invitation was given in kindness, and therefore should be received with the same feeling; although it may not altogether be such an acquaintance as is most interesting to you. Mr. and Mrs. Wright are worthy and respectable people, though not educated highly, or refined. But every grade of society must be filled, and when those who fill them do so with virtue and honour, they deserve the esteem of every one."

This conversation was the means of making Edward and his young companion friends to each other. Effa now never enjoyed her music but when Edward assisted her; she

learnt the songs he preferred, and read the books he selected ; she rode with him, and walked with him ; while Edward daily felt more interested in the beautiful and artless creature, whose manner towards him had now lost all its former cold reserve, and spoke of kindness and affection only.



## CHAPTER V.

EFFA delayed as long as possible to prepare for the visit she so much disliked ; but was at last obliged to hurry her preparations from the fear of being too late for the early dinner hour ; she left the Hall with a sigh, but returned to it with a smile.

“ You have passed a pleasant day, Effa ? ” said Mrs. Pierpont, as the former entered the drawing-room with a quick step.

“ Indeed, I have,” replied the smiling girl, as she seated herself upon an ottoman near her aunt: “ a very pleasant one. I like Mrs. Wright very much ; and yet—”

“ And yet — what, Effa ? ”

“ I have something very odd and ridiculous to tell you, if I may,” replied Effa,

looking towards the table at which Dr. Pierpont was reading.

"You will not interrupt me, my love," said her uncle. "I am busily employed in reading a borrowed pamphlet, which must be returned to-morrow. Therefore proceed with your story."

"How shall I begin? When I arrived, I was shown up stairs into a very comfortable and pleasant little room, to take off my bonnet; which being done, I was soon seated in the visitors' place in the small parlour adjoining the shop. Mrs. Wright made many apologies for receiving me in that room, but Mr. Wright was from home that morning, and therefore she said, "she was obliged to keep an eye on the shop." I liked the room very well, for I fancied the glass door which opened into the place of business would afford me an opportunity of amusing myself; besides, as you say, my dear aunt, that something is to be learnt from every one, I thought I might learn to weigh soap and candles from the little apprentice boy."

Mrs. Pierpont shook her head, which Effa

did not heed, although she interchanged smiles with Edward, and continued her tale.

“ Presently, two ladies entered the shop, and Mrs. Wright went to wait upon them, leaving the door partly open. I was not long alone, for a little ugly dog pushed his way through the open door, and soon afterwards I heard a continual calling of ‘ Tim, Tim ’ from one of the ladies ; and behold ! the dog answered to the call ; but he soon returned to me again, and the call was renewed. I took the little ugly creature in my arms, and made him an excuse for an introduction to the ladies. The owner of the animal hoped ‘ Timothy ’ had not been troublesome to me, and I politely assured her he had not ; and ‘ Tim, Tim, ’ was called very often, while I joined in the call. After the ladies left, I observed a cloud upon the face of my hostess, of which I could not guess the cause. However, I was not left long in doubt, for she said rather angrily, ‘ What a shame it is to call brutes by Christian names ; don’t you think so, Miss Pierpont ? ’ I replied, that I thought it was better to give dogs the names

usually appropriated to them, yet that Timothy was such an ugly one, that it did not much signify in that case. 'An ugly name!' returned Mrs. Wright. 'Oh, I have a particular regard for it. I love the name of Timothy;' and she sighed deeply. I thought it might be that of some relative whom she had lost, therefore expressed a sorrow, I really felt, at having hurt her feelings by calling it an ugly one. She sighed again so deeply, oh! so deeply, and said, 'It is the name of a very dear friend.' 'Then,' said I, 'I am not surprised that you should dislike to hear an animal called by it.' And then came a tale so romantic!"

"Effa, do not divulge any thing which Mrs. Wright may have told you in confidence," said Mrs. Pierpont.

"My dear aunt, she did not tell me any thing in confidence; do you think she would tell a secret to such a young girl as I am?"

"Perhaps not."

"I am sure she would not," said Edward, who was sufficiently amused by Effa's manner to wish for a continuation of her tale.

"Well; Mrs. Wright then told me that when young, she had been very much in love with a Mr. Timothy Dobbs. Only think, aunt, of such a name for a love story—Timothy Dobbs!"

"May not people with ugly names love, Effa?" gently inquired Edward.

"Oh, I suppose they may. But really I do not think I could fall in love with a Mr. Timothy Dobbs, now that the name is connected in my mind with a little ugly, snarling puppy; but Mrs. Wright did, although something prevented her from marrying 'my Timothy,' as she called Mr. Dobbs; and she told me a long love tale with so much feeling! I wish you could have heard it, for I cannot pretend to repeat it. I am sure it must have quite equalled a novel. And now, dear aunt, that I have gained some insight into romance, surely I may read a novel."

"No Effa, I must forbid such reading at present. I think the love story you have heard to day, quite sufficient for you."

"May I ask," said Edward, "why you dislike novels? my dear Madam."

"I think," replied Mrs. Pierpont, "that much morality is seldom taught by them, and that if it were, it is useless to apply to them for lessons of morality, while there are so many much better written books upon the subject."

"But they are very entertaining."

"And therefore dangerous to a young mind. Works of fiction are the productions of lively imaginations rather than of solid reason, and where the imagination is most lively, there also are the feelings most susceptible and strong; they work upon each other, and heighten each other, till, if not subdued by a strong mind, they manifest themselves in folly, if not in error. To a morbid sensibility, there is something indescribably delightful in having the feelings strongly excited; but to a well-regulated heart, the every day occurrences of life, the distress and misery constantly surrounding us, and the little accidents of our own experience, will give sufficient play to the emotions, and will produce the genuine and true feeling which, while it suffers, can dis-

cern means to allay the unhappiness it witnesses."

"But do you not think, that many novels are useful in giving us an idea of the world in which we are to act our part? And as warning us of the dangers with which we may meet?" asked Edward.

"No, my dear Edward, I am unwilling to give to novels, even that usefulness. A reflecting mind will not expect to enjoy unmixed happiness in this life, and will know that trials are sent us to try the strength of our virtue; every heart virtuously inclined, and which has received right principles, will have in itself a resource in the day of affliction, and a safeguard in the hour of temptation; and it is only wearing to the spirits, to paint in strong colours, sorrows and pains which may never cross our path. I have seen the evil and injury sustained by a constant reading of novels; I have found minds of a middle age enervated, and young ones led astray; therefore I have prohibited them to Effa, till some future time."

"I am sure," said Effa, "if ever I am in-



clined to be romantic, the name of Timothy Dobbs will immediately break the spell."

"Tell me, my dear girl," said Mrs. Pierpont, "do you think you have acted right in thus amusing yourself and us, at the expense of a lady, of whose hospitality you have partaken?"

"Indeed, it was impossible not to be amused by her tale; she told it so pathetically, and she is old and plain."

"Are none to be romantic, but the young and beautiful, my little Effie?" inquired Dr. Pierpont, patting her cheek, as if it were his opinion that *she* might be allowed to be so; an opinion which Edward appeared to entertain also.

"I don't know. I am sure I shall never be romantic," replied the lively girl; then added seriously, "I have hitherto met with nothing in my life to make me so; I have been a dismal matter-of-fact girl, depending solely upon myself for happiness, thinking of, and loving myself only. Perhaps I learnt to love myself too well. But I think I am improving," she continued, looking affection-



ately at her companions; "and now that I have such kind friends to love, I may, perhaps, in time, love myself less, nay, hate myself. I fear I have been a giddy creature to-day. It is very seldom that I am so." Then with a bright smile she added, "Edward, join me in a duett, and let me make you all forget poor Timothy Dobbs, and my own folly."

Effa's visit to Mrs. Wright had been productive of a good, upon which Mrs. Pierpont placed much importance, for it had raised a wish in her for domestic knowledge. Of the homely dinner, which had been cooked and served under the immediate superintendence of Mrs. Wright, Effa had eaten with pleasure. At Mrs. Brierley's, and at the Hall, she had partaken of the meals, without having cast a thought upon the manner in which they were provided, but now that she had witnessed the activity of her hostess in this business of her house, she became desirous of being initiated into the mysteries of the kitchen.

This desire, Mrs. Pierpont encouraged, for

she considered the education of a woman to be incomplete if domestic knowledge formed no part of her acquirements. Home is her province, her little domain, and the business of it rests entirely with her; in domestic affairs lie some of her great duties, and a proper performance of them enables her to add to the every day comforts of those around her. In Mrs. Pierpont's opinion, this knowledge was of as much importance as mental acquirements and accomplishments; these add a grace to her who possesses the former, and serve to make a deficiency in it, more observable and even reprehensible. It cannot be dispensed with in any situation of life; in the lower classes it is absolutely necessary, and in the highest, far from levelling the mistress to an equality with her servants, it assists her to maintain her dignity and authority, by rendering her independent of them, in the only instance in which there can be a collision between them. In Effa's station of life, she knew that direction and superintendence were all that was requisite, but she felt that for these to be rightly given, the minutiae

of the business of managing a family must be understood as thoroughly, as in the lower grades of society, where assistance is often necessary.

It is said by some, who do not think domestic knowledge of any consequence, that in acquiring it, a young woman is thrown too much into the society of the servants, thereby gaining something of their habits and ideas, and that it is better to defer the acquiring this knowledge till she shall have an establishment of her own, when they seem to expect that it will come *naturally* and *intuitively*.

Youth, undoubtedly, is very easily contaminated by, and quickly falls into the habits and opinions of those with whom it associates ; but as a guard against these evils, there is an innate pride in the disposition of every young woman, which will prevent her from making friends of her inferiors ; and that mind, and those manners, must take an impression more easily than the softest wax, and be sooner sullied than the whitest snow, which take too deep an injury from one hour

spent in the kitchen, for the remainder of the twenty-four to eradicate. While to place a young woman at the head of a family, before she shall have learnt her duties as one, is to subject her to much unhappiness during the early years of her married life, to the displeasure of a disappointed husband, who sees his wealth wasted, and the discomforts of his single life prolonged, through the ignorance of her whom he had fondly hoped to have found, not only the admired and courted ornament of his drawing-room, but also the able directress of his household, and the careful promoter of his home enjoyments.

A man by marrying places his domestic comforts in the power of his wife, and relinquishes to her all command and management of them ; and she must so regulate them, as that he shall in no particular imagine or feel that any thing could be better arranged ; she must endeavour that her house shall be the best ordered, her servants the best, and even her table the best, of any that come under his observation ; and all this must be done, and may be done, without his knowing how

or when; he must reap the benefit of labours which he must never witness in their progress; he will know that to his wife he is obliged for these comforts and pleasures, but he must never be deprived of her society at those times when he seeks for the enjoyments of his home, because she is busily employed in household affairs; by a proper and methodical arrangement of her business and time, she may always be ready to meet him and his friends in the drawing-room, while the kitchen has not been neglected.

With these opinions, Mrs. Pierpont took great pleasure in the introduction of Effa to her own particular little room, from which she issued her orders to the domestics, in which she settled her household accounts, and which was well stored with confectionary, and the various articles required for the family. Nor was a small medicine chest forgotten among the articles of its useful furniture; for in this room Mrs. Pierpont held her audiences with the poor of the village; here they received, as their necessities required, medicine, nourishment, and clothing;

no one entered it without a welcome, and no one left it without gratitude and invoking blessings upon the head of its benevolent mistress. But it was exclusively Mrs. Pierpont's, no one entered it without her invitation; and except the flowers, which were its constant ornament, and which were renewed from time to time, the contents of this little sanctorum were not touched by the servants of the family.

## CHAPTER VI.

A STRONG wish had now taken possession of Effa's heart, that of visiting her grandfather Smith, the game-keeper, but it was many days before she could summon courage to express it to her aunt. She sometimes thought that if Mrs. Pierpont wished her to make such a visit, she would herself propose it, and was chagrined that she did not ; for she felt that he was her nearest relation, and whatever might have been the errors of her mother, her heart was moved with a warmer affection towards that unfortunate parent than to her father ; besides, she imagined that Smith must necessarily desire to see the child of his only, though erring, daughter ; and while she considered the luxury which

surrounded her, the wealth at her command, the comforts which she daily enjoyed, the power and authority which had been given her, and the unbounded kindness she hourly experienced, she thought of the old man, in comparative penury, toiling for his scanty fare, without a relation to solace him, and perhaps bowed down with sorrow for the transgression of his once loved child; the contrast smote her heart, and she blamed herself for not seeking him, and making him a participator in her singularly good fortune.

The strength of Effa's mind was in proportion to the quickness and depth of the emotions of her heart; it readily embraced the arguments for and against any step she wished to pursue, and carefully weighed her motives of action; but when it gave its sanction, when she felt convinced that she meditated a right act, she became too decided to be influenced by minor circumstances. Thus was it with regard to her conduct towards her maternal connections; had she never been raised above them in situation of life, had she been placed as an associate with



them, she would have laboured for their maintenance, and have been happy ; but kindness had placed her in a rank of life far above them, and had showered worldly advantages in abundance upon her head. She knew that in the eyes of the world she should stand exonerated of neglect of duty, were she to allow the distance which now existed between her grandfather and herself, to continue unlessened, but to her own mind, to her own heart she could not reconcile such conduct ; and although she felt grateful to those friends whose approbation she possessed, and was pleased when her conduct met with their approval, yet was self-esteem of far greater value to her, than the encomiums of others, and to preserve that untarnished she could patiently and unmoved bear the scorn of the world, and act firmly and decisively in opposition to its opinion.

During the few days that this question was agitated in her mind, Effa was thoughtful and reserved ; she neglected none of her usual employments, nor paid less attention to those about her, but every one was struck with the

alteration in her manner. Edward was fearful that she was unhappy, and endeavoured to enliven her spirits by the hilarity of his own; she thanked him for his efforts with sweet, though pensive smiles, but his jokes and puns produced no repartees. Mrs. Pierpont understood her character better, and quieted her husband's anxious fears, lest his dear child's health should be affected, by assuring him, that it was the mind of Effa which was working upon some point, which she doubted not would soon be made known to her. She had perfect confidence in the good judgment of her charge; and therefore, when the poor girl, with pale cheeks, and trembling lips, begged her permission to visit the game-keeper's cottage, she at once assented, without any comment; she would not alarm her, or damp her wish to make the acquaintance, by hazarding any surmises of the reception she might meet with, nor give her any directions as to the behaviour to be adopted; for she knew that under any circumstances, Effa would continue mistress of herself, and sustain the natural dignity of her

character. Nor did she offer to accompany her; delicacy towards Effa's feelings restrained her in this instance, for she thought it better that this first interview between Smith and his grandchild should have no witnesses.

With a heart and mind fixed upon her undertaking, Effa began her solitary walk after tea, one beautiful evening; but her pathway was almost unheeded. She was insensible to the perfume of her favourite flowers, as she passed them, and the chirping of the birds was scarcely heard, her thoughts and feelings were so intently otherwise fixed. Once she looked for a moment at the clear blue sky, and at the sun, now about setting in golden splendour; she fancied that heaven smiled upon her, to encourage her, and with a quickened step proceeded on her way.

"Here's the young lady from the Hall come to speak to you, neighbour," said the woman who officiated as housekeeper to Smith.

"Humph," replied the old man, from within the cottage.

"Please to walk in, Miss. Master Smith is not vastly well to-day; but please to walk in."

"Shall I disturb you, Mr. Smith?" inquired Effa gently, as she entered.

"No," he replied, half rising from his chair.

"Nay, do not rise, I beg," said Effa, seating herself in the elm chair, whose polished surface, shewed that the dusting which Nance gave it with her apron was quite unnecessary.

Silence continued for some moments; the old man appeared to be deeply engaged in rubbing the stock of a gun, and did not cast a look at his companion; his dog, a rough-coated terrier, which lay at his feet, slowly raised his head to look at the intruder, then quietly settled himself to sleep again.

Effa's feelings almost overpowered her; a damp rose upon her skin, and a coldness crept over her, although the blood had rushed upon her heart, and made it beat violently; and she, who could have stood erect and unshrinking beneath the gaze of thousands, who would not have felt humbled in the pre-

sence of the first noble of the land, or of royalty itself, felt abashed, and sunk before the aged figure of that single man. She longed to throw herself upon his bosom, to ask a blessing of her mother's father; but she was hurt at his apparent inattention, and a tear started to her eye. At length with a firm, but gentle voice, she found herself able to say, "You are ill, Mr. Smith. I fear your occupation is too much for you."

"I have a bad cold," returned the old man, still rubbing his gun, and without raising his head. "I was in the rain t'other night."

"I am sorry for it," said his young companion.

"Humph," again exclaimed old Smith.

Our poor heroine's heart sank, and for one short moment she repented having made the effort to see, and the attempt to know, her grandfather. A sickening feeling came over her, and in all probability she would have fainted, had not Nance opportunely entered the room, and observing her pale looks, "fear'd she was ill, and offer'd her something to take."

"A glass of water, if you please," the poor girl had just sufficient strength to say.

"It is a long walk for you, Miss. I think it is better than a mile and a half," said the compassionating woman.

"I am accustomed to walk, but — the weather is very warm." And she took off her bonnet.

Smith raised his head, and he could not remove his gaze from the delicate form. Efa's long ringlets of light brown hair hung over her cheek, as it rested upon her hand, and her blue eyes, moistened, but not tearful, were half closed by their white lids. Deeply did the old man regard her: she was like her mother—like his only child; she who had been his plaything in infancy, his companion in childhood, his pride in youth, and, alas! his sorrow during the many years of heaviness and loneliness which had passed over him, since the moment in which she had left her paternal roof, not with his curse upon her head, for he still loved her too well to curse, but bearing in her arms the helpless proof of her error. That babe, upon whom he had

looked only to mourn its existence, whose faint cry had raised no pity in his breast, and whose innocent smile had not spoken to his love—that babe was now before him, grown into womanhood, and beautiful, delicate womanhood;—she was like her mother;—the old man's heart was softened, and he sighed.

That sound, half repressed as it was, aroused Effa, and gave strength to her heart and frame; she raised her eyes to the old man's face, she saw him hastily brush away a tear, as he quickly said :

“Hope you are better, young lady.—Nance, fetch some of the wine that is in yonder closet.”

Effa refused to take it, saying she preferred the fresh cold water.

“Nay, 'tis not often, methinks, that you drink cold water; wine is better for ye,” and he poured some into the glass. “There, drink it: 'twill revive you. I am obliged to take a little, sometimes, myself: for I am not over strong.”

“I am sorry for it,” said Effa.

"Aye, old age makes me weak ; and sorrow has been upon me," and he turned from her hastily.

"Sorrow comes to us all," observed Effa.

"Not to you, not to you, young lady."

"Yes," replied Effa, laying her small hand upon the arm of the old man, "even upon me, young as I am : why should it not ?"

"You, who are young, rich, and beautiful," replied Smith, as he gazed intently at her, "cannot know sorrow. No, no ; not such as has been upon me, a poor, old, and lonely man !"

"I have been poor and lonely," observed Effa, hoping to continue the softened mood in which he now indulged, "and I have been friendless. But, now, I have friends and means to assist you."

The old man shook his head. "It is too late ! My days are few ; and I should die contented, could I ——"

Effa breathed quickly, and the colour fluttered in her cheek.

"Thank you, thank you, for coming," said



the old man ; the former coldness of his manner returning, as he again seated himself in his high-backed chair. " I did not expect it. But it has been too much for you."

" But I shall bear the walk better the next time, if you will let me come again," said Effa, endeavouring to smile.

" Aye, come again, if you please, lady ; we shall both be better next time, mayhap."

Effa felt that it was advisable to return home ; and she rose from her seat, and approaching nearer to the old man, held her hand towards him ; the old man also rose, he stood erect for a moment ; he looked in Effa's face ; then, scarcely touching the gloveless offered hand, he bade her " Good even."

Slipping half-a-crown into the hand of Nance, as she hurried past her, Effa retraced her path homewards, with a troubled mind and painful heart. Had her affection, her kindness, been refused ? Had her relationship been denied ? She recollected the manner of the old man, at one moment cold and

repulsive, at another hurried, and again at another moment almost tender ; she recalled the remembrance of the tear he had so hastily brushed from his eyes ; she thought of the tall, thin, upright figure, which age had not yet bowed down—the thin gray hair, which hung in locks from his broad forehead ; of the scrutinizing eye, which had, for an instant, beamed with something like affection through its sorrow ; and she hoped, she believed, that she was not hated, that she should be welcomed another time. But the tears fell fast down her cheeks ; disappointment pierced her heart ; the affectionate feelings of her nature, which, hitherto, had lain dormant, had received a repulse, in almost the first instance in which she had yet allowed them to act in all their strength ; and the cherished heiress of wealth, the beloved child, the object of a village's attention, almost wished to return again to the obscurity, poverty, and loneliness of her childhood,—when she had expected to receive no love, therefore had not been thus painfully disappointed,—when she had possessed no object

on which to bestow her affections, from whom to derive a part of her happiness,—but when joy as well as sorrow, when love as well as hatred had been, as it were, unknown to her.

A lengthened shadow warned Effa of the near approach of some one ; and raising her head, she found that it was Edward. She could not speak, and Edward observing her tearful countenance, silently drew her arm within his own.

“ It is very kind of you, to meet me,” said Effa, after a few moments.

“ It is rather too late for you to be alone. Do not let me be impertinent, Miss Pierpont, but I cannot see you thus unhappy, without expressing my sorrow, that you should have met with any thing to make you so.”

The kindness of the tone in which he spoke brought fresh tears to Effa's eyes ; but she raised them to his, as she thanked him.

“ I am an unfortunate girl ; every thing in the world seems new to me, and I fear I am very far from being fit to be in it, or of it.”

“ You have, perhaps, been disappointed in

the result of your kind visit, this evening ; but you must not therefore be cast down."

"I thought he would have been glad to see me."

"And I have little doubt that he was ; but there are various dispositions among mankind, and you must not always expect to meet with the open frankness of your own character."

"Nay," said Effa, "I have thought sometimes that I am too reserved, and far from open and frank ; for I have for so many years been accustomed to lock my feelings in my heart, that I find it difficult to express all I feel, now that I may do so."

"Perhaps I ought rather to have said," replied Edward, "that such warmth and correctness of feeling as you possess, and act upon, is not very frequently met with, particularly in the lower classes of society."

"Surely, hearts are the same in all classes."

"Indeed I think they are so naturally, but many circumstances in a long life may have tended to chill them, in some persons."

"But," said Effa, her thoughts recurring to Smith, "I am, I believe, his only relation."

"And is it not possible that the difference in your circumstances may have had some effect upon the poor old man's mind and heart? He knows you only as the future mistress of this estate, and of himself, should he live so long; he feels that you are, by education, and station in the world, raised far above himself, and he may doubt the nature of your feelings towards him, because he knows nothing of your character. He cannot and will not forget that you are his grandchild; but he is not aware that you are willing to own the connection; and, judging of you by his knowledge of others, he may suppose that rank and wealth have obliterated, or rather prevented, in your heart, all affection towards your mother's family."

"Did I think," said Effa with energy, and arresting her steps, while she looked earnestly at Edward,—“did I think, that rank and wealth would have the effect of causing me to forget my duty to those who are near

to me, or of deadening all natural affection in my heart, I would immediately renounce them. My own selfish happiness is not placed in them ; I have never desired them ; I value them only as they can be made serviceable, and productive of happiness to others. But I have all my life wished, desired,—oh ! much more strongly than I can express,—for love and kindness ; and did I meet with that to the extent I envy, I should be blest, were I in a lower state, in greater poverty, than even my poor grandfather.”

“ I believe you,” said her companion, as he gazed with something like tenderness upon her animated countenance. “ I believe you. And excuse me, if I venture to doubt if you could now be perfectly happy in the society and companionship of those in a lower rank of life.”

“ I should be happy in a degree, that is, my heart would be so, although I fear my mind would miss the companionship which it meets with in the society of my uncle and aunt, and yourself.”

“ Just so ; and therefore it is better that



you should not seek for intimacy with Mr. Smith. Forgive me, for thus giving my opinion so freely ; I am interested in your happiness, Miss Pierpont, and wish it to be as great as you can yourself desire, and as you deserve that it should be."

"Indeed I am obliged to you for giving it," replied Effa, totally regardless of the compliment contained in the latter part of Edward's speech ; for she had not yet learnt either to give or receive compliments ; she spoke simply and truly herself, and she believed that others did the same. "I thank you sincerely for it. And you have convinced me that I must not consider Mr. Smith *entirely* as a grandfather."

"It will be in your power to add much to his comforts ; but by raising him from his present situation, or levelling yourself to it, you would not add to his happiness or your own."

"You are right ; and I am not now quite so miserable as when you first met me," said Effa smiling. "I have to thank you that I can appear before my aunt with a brighter

face, for I would not have her pained by knowing that I have been unhappy this evening."

"Then let us lengthen our walk a little. Mrs. Pierpont knows that I am with you, and therefore will not be alarmed; and it is so lovely an evening, I think a little lingering in the air, even preferable to our evening music."

And Edward, as they walked, directed her attention to different subjects, and their conversation became even gay, so that no traces of Effa's unhappiness remained on her countenance, or in her manner, when she returned home.

Edward had been grieved by Effa's sorrow, and was resolved to gain a knowledge of Smith's feelings towards her. With that intention he made a secret visit to the game-keeper the following morning; and found that he had been right in his conjectures concerning them.

The poor old man had never known his grandchild, he had thought of her often, but knowing that the Pierpont family had pro-



vided for her, he had so long considered that she was raised from his sphere and acquaintance, as almost to lose the recollection of her relationship to him ; and when he was told that she was coming to live at the Hall, as its future mistress, he almost with bitterness thought of the immense distance which exists between wealth and rank, and servitude and poverty, and scarcely rejoiced at the good fortune of the offspring of his ill-fated daughter. But towards that child, sinful as she was, his heart still yearned ; he scarcely knew if she yet lived, but he would not think she was dead, nor would he relinquish the hope of again seeing her e'er his heavy life should draw to its close. Every year made his hope and his love stronger, while his anger and disappointment lessened ; she was to every one else an outcast, and degraded, but to him she was a child ; he remembered the innocent being whose merriment had made his heart glad, and taught it to beat with parental fondness, and if a hasty and painful thought passed over her sin, and the shame of it for a moment weighed upon

his spirits, his affection found some excuse to palliate its enormity, as he raised to Heaven a father's prayer for her forgiveness, and a realization of his hope that he might once more behold her.

It was the uncertainty of the position in which Effa stood to him, the doubt almost amounting to assurance, that she would not acknowledge the tie of consanguinity between them, and the proud unwillingness of age, and of conscious integrity and honour, though in poverty, to bow and cringe in humility to the young of his own blood, whom chance had made his superior, that produced the repulsiveness of his manner towards Effa, and almost steeled his heart against the persuasive and fascinating gentleness and sweetness of her demeanour and voice. But when he saw her almost fainting, though he knew not from what cause, when her likeness to her mother struck him forcibly, then for a moment his heart warmed towards her, and caused a tear to start to his eye; but he hastily brushed it from his cheek, and again she became to him, not the

daughter of his child, but the mistress of S—— and of *himself*.

Edward did much in gaining for Effa a kindlier welcome in her next visit to the cottage; the encomiums he bestowed upon her sweetness of disposition, strong affections, desire to benefit those around her, and her total absence of pride, somewhat interested the old man, and he almost became anxious to see her again.

## CHAPTER VII.

TIME, with the inhabitants of S——, flew rapidly, because it was passed in usefulness and happiness. Effa had at present made no acquaintances among the families in the neighbourhood, and she had wished for none; the society of her uncle and aunt, to whom she daily became more attached, and Edward, for whom she felt the strong interest which draws the young together, was sufficient for her happiness; and although she would sometimes make inquiries of her aunt concerning those persons to whom she was to be introduced, and listened sometimes with curiosity to the account which Edward gave of the gay pleasures of which she was soon to partake, she was not impatient for them.

She was very unlike in character to those young persons of her own sex, to whom a deficiency of knowledge or acquirements has rendered their existence almost insupportable, and who have no means of enjoying it, except when in the bustle and excitement of company, where they meet with minds as empty as their own, and their attention, thoughts, and conversation are directed to the frivolities of life ; and the ball or rout over, they return home listless and fatigued, thinking only of the amusement which is to pass away the following day, and if any event occur to prevent the anticipated pleasure, they become ruffled in temper, wishing every hour gone ; and thankful when night again gives them forgetfulness in sleep.

But far different were the feelings of Effa; who had within herself occupation and amusement for a lonely hour ; she could calmly and unmoved see the shower of rain which put aside the promised excursion, and, forgetting her own disappointment, rejoice in the benefit nature derived from it ; and could peacefully turn to some other means of em-

ploying her time, with equal enjoyment to herself, and perhaps with more usefulness to others. She regretted every hour as it passed, and retired to rest with a mind and heart improved, satisfied with herself, and in kindness towards those around her.

A few happy months quickly passed, and Edward again returned to Cambridge, but carried with him, as well as increased knowledge, gained under the kind direction of Dr. Pierpont, a higher relish for domestic happiness, which the society of Mrs. Pierpont, and the companionship of Effa, had induced in him.

Poor Effa felt a vacancy in her home for the first time, she experienced the first diminution of her happiness, and while she exerted herself to make Edward's absence less felt by her uncle and aunt, it was in her lonely rambles that she sighed over it; and she hailed with joy the intelligence that Mrs. Mowbray and her daughter were returned to the Parsonage, from a long visit they had been making at a friend's in a distant county.

Louisa Mowbray, with the curiosity so

natural to a young woman, soon made her call of introduction to Effa, and they became intimate friends in a very short time; for Effa's heart having lost one valued friend, was the more ready to welcome another, otherwise perhaps she would not so soon have fallen into a friendship with her cousin, for their characters were very dissimilar, as much so as their persons.

Effa's face though not regularly beautiful, was rendered so by its expression, its deep, intense, yet calm expression; while her form bespoke dignity, and her manners gentleness, but firmness. Louisa, on the contrary, possessed faultless, delicate features, an expression which it was impossible to define, or to place to any one predominant feeling; a light and slender person, and manners which partook of gaiety and thoughtlessness, if not of levity. Effa soon discerned the errors of her character, but there was a goodness in her disposition which counterbalanced them, although she could not but feel the superiority of her own mind, and that Louisa could be to her a companion, but not the friend that



Edward had been, whose mind and heart seemed to meet hers with a full understanding of the thoughts and feelings of each, and very often with a similarity.

"Now, my dear cousin," said the lively Louisa, "tell me something of your late companion, Mr. Wrottesley."

"What should I tell you of him?" inquired Effa, smiling, as she raised her head from her drawing.

"Is he handsome?"

"I don't know; I never thought of that."

"Not thought of it? Well, is he ugly?"

"No, I don't think he is," quietly replied Effa.

"Is he agreeable?"

"Oh yes, very," replied our heroine, eagerly.

"You like him?" continued her interrogator.

"Very, very much."

"Aye, take care, my sweet cousin," said Louisa, archly, "it is dangerous for you to like Mr. Wrottesley very, very much."

"Is it? And why?" inquired Effa, again



raising her head, and looking at Louisa, artlessly.

"Because it may chance that liking will produce loving, my simple Effa."

"I do love him,—why should I not? He is very amiable, and was exceedingly kind to me."

"And you may be in love with him. I have been in S—— but a few days, yet I have heard not a little of the gossip of the village, and I assure you, that you and Mr. Wrottesley have been much talked about."

"Indeed! I wish no one would talk of us," replied Effa, pursuing her drawing with a perfectly steady hand, at which her companion was not a little astonished.

"Well, well," said Louisa, playfully, "don't fall in love with Mr. Wrottesley, and don't think of marrying him."

"Marrying! I never thought of it," again said Effa, quietly.

"Indeed! I have thought of it for you, however," returned Louisa. "But I am sure you may put away your drawing now; I am surprised that you can sit so long at it."

"I am very fond of it; are not you?"

"No, I am not, for I think it a selfish amusement."

"Indeed you are mistaken, Louisa, it is not a selfish amusement. It has made me love nature. This view never loses its beauty to my eye, I watch the varying tints, the constant change of the face of that beautiful river, and always find I can love and admire it; I have made many sketches of it." And she took from her port folio many little views in different styles of drawing, and with them a slight pencil sketch of a young man's head, which quickly caught the attention of Louisa.

"Who is this, Effa?" she inquired, taking it up.

"It is Edward."

"Oh," said Louisa. "Is it like him?"

"Yes, we think it so."

"Then he is handsome. Pray when will he come back again?"

"I believe at Christmas, for a short time; but he is studying very deeply this year, for it is his last."

"What profession has he chosen?"

"The Church.—There now, I have put away my drawing, and am quite at liberty to do any thing you wish, Louisa," said Effa, rather tired of her companion's many inquiries, and banishing Edward from her thoughts.

Not so Louisa. The adoption of Effa, had not alarmed her on her own account, and although she felt sorry that her brother, to whom she was much attached, and who had, till this event, been considered the heir to S——, should be disappointed of the property, she quickly planned that he and Effa should share it together. When, therefore, she was told by Mrs. Wright, the romantic retailer of the gossip of the village, that Edward Wrottesley had been the constant companion of her adopted cousin for many months, and that "people said" they were engaged to each other, and that it was the intention of Dr. Pierpont to relinquish the living of S—— to Mr. Wrottesley, as part of Effa's marriage portion, Louisa began to fear for her brother's interests, as he was at a distance, and could not forward the suit she wished him to make to the heiress; and she

resolved to instal herself as Effa's confidant, and to gain an influence over her, which she might use to William's advantage.

But the foregoing conversation proved to her that Effa, at present, was not in love with Mr. Wrottesley, and a little longer acquaintance also proved to her, that Effa never would have a confidant. Not to admire her cousin was impossible; she looked upon her talents and acquirements with astonishment, but not with envy, because she did not sufficiently value them; and Effa did every thing so easily, yet so perfectly, and without display, and was so entirely free from vanity, conceit, and pride, so unconscious of her own superiority, so attentive to the pleasure and happiness of others, and apparently so forgetful of self, that Louisa felt also that it was impossible not to love her. Although possessing great talents, and a well cultivated mind, Effa never thrust them upon the notice of her associates, she used her good sense as a guide for her conduct, her accomplishments as the means of giving amusement to others when required, and her knowledge as enabling

her to be a companion to her uncle, who delighted to bring forth the riches of her mind.

Effa's visits to her grandfather were frequently repeated, and although the old man's heart gradually warmed towards the gentle girl, and she was pleased to talk with him, the respect due to her station was never encroached upon by the one party, nor forgotten by the other.

Nor was the game-keeper's cottage the only one which Effa visited ; those of all the poor who were connected with the estate, and others in the village who were deserving of, and required assistance, were the objects of her attention and charity. She did not encourage in herself that false and morbid sensibility in which some females indulge, from a mistaken idea that it is interesting and in consonance with the tenderness and gentleness of their sex ; but which, in reality, bespeaks weakness of mind and heart, and totally unfits them to bear with proper resignation, the real ills of life, and of enjoying with full gaiety of feeling the happiness bestowed upon them. Effa did not shrink

from scenes of poverty, misery, and suffering ; she did not seek for such from mere curiosity, nor enter upon them, when she could render no assistance ; but if she could dress a wound, administer to a fever, or by any exertion alleviate suffering ; if she could soften the sorrow of others by teaching them where to seek for consolation, and relieve the necessities of any, she was ever ready to do so. She felt that the best emotions of humanity,—our love to our fellow-creatures, our submission to the will of Him, who guides and directs every event, — are increased, heightened, and brought into action, by the occasional contemplation of the miseries around us ; and that if we so very carefully guard ourselves against *unhappiness*, we also lose a portion of *happiness* ; for those who feel sorrow most acutely, so also feel joy ; and she would not forego the most exquisite enjoyment of happiness, because the capability of feeling that enjoyment made her equally sensible of the most exquisite sensation of misery.

Effa feared not to view the ills which she could alleviate, and knew not that repug-

nance to witness misery which arises from a weak heart, nor that specious pity which vents itself in words, but remains inactive, and has not courage to bear the sight of poverty and distress. Hers was the true charity of a benevolent heart, which seeks its own happiness, in promoting that of others, and of an enlightened mind, which could understand and pursue the best means of dispensing benefits. Smiles welcomed her approach, and blessings were invoked upon her head; all felt her kindness, but her reward was within herself. The wish to perform her duty stimulated her, and the consciousness of having done so, was her recompense. She boasted not of her acts, she did not make known her good deeds, for she desired no praise; and although Dr. Pierpont, as well as others, was aware of her charitable habits, he was silent upon the subject, and showed his knowledge and approbation of them, only by enabling her to pursue them more fully.

With these pursuits, and employments, and the delightful companionship of her uncle and aunt, Effa wished for no farther so-

ciety; and she earnestly entreated that she might be allowed to remain secluded for another twelvemonth. She pleaded her youth, and inexperience of the forms and etiquettes of the world, but these her fond uncle would not receive as excuses for her retirement,—she showed neither in appearance nor intellect, the few years she had lived; nor in manner and habits, her unacquaintance with society. But he yielded to her request, although he was aware that by too great a seclusion to our home and its inmates, the mind becomes contracted, and an idea of the superiority of ourselves, our opinions and habits, is engendered.

It is a wise intercourse with the many different characters in the world, which counteracts prejudices, and enlarges the mind and the heart; it teaches us the weakness and fallacy of many of the feelings and opinions which we have nurtured in retirement, and calls forth energies which are inactive in solitude; by mixing in general society, we learn to feel an interest for others, and create one for ourselves.



Amusements must be used like a refreshing medicine ; if recourse be had to them too frequently, they lose their efficacy, and produce a different result to that desired. The Almighty has not given us hours, days, and years, to be frittered away in a round of thoughtless pleasure, which eventually brings upon its devotees pains of body and mind. Continued dissipation makes our quiet home displeasing to us ; there we remain only when our health, impaired by gaiety, will not suffer us to leave it. By living *in* the world, we learn to live *for* the world ; a desire for the false admiration of others, makes us unmindful of our own approbation, while we give a patient and pleased ear to the voice of flattery.

The votary of fashion and gaiety is courted for awhile, and is followed by admirers till another appears upon the scene, more beautiful, and quickly attracts attention ; then follows the middle age, when jealousy of the young pains the corrupted heart, when disappointment upon disappointment torture the vacant mind, and a helpless and miserable

old age creeps on, till at last, she, who had been the courted, admired, and followed, sinks into her grave unpitied and unmourned.

But when pleasure is pursued only as a relaxation of the mind, and society, only as an exercise for the social feelings, it is wise and right to taste of both, and we may do so without becoming satiated, and shall return to our peaceful homes and to our family duties, with a renewed relish for them.

Effa was therefore left frequently to the enjoyment of her own resources, while her cousin gladly accompanied Dr. and Mrs. Pierpont in their visits to their neighbours, and entered into scenes of gaiety with a light heart, while our heroine was indulging her own thoughts in her uncle's study. She contrasted her present life with the years she had passed at Mrs. Brierley's, and a feeling of unbounded gratitude and love warmed her heart towards her kind relatives; still would the thought of the unfortunate circumstances of her birth bear upon her mind, and make her doubtful if she should meet with kindness

from the world, which is inclined to visit such circumstances with its scorn.

The frequently repeated hints of Louisa concerning the position in which Edward Wrottesley stood with regard to her, would also sometimes recur to her mind, and somewhat damped the pleasure with which she looked forward to Christmas, when he would again make one of their family circle.

That heart which is warmest in its natural affections, is the most ready to foster love, and being inclined to benevolence and kindness towards the whole human race, is disposed to make an election of one, upon whom to bestow its deepest and strongest feelings. Effie had, at present, shown no symptom that romance formed an ingredient of her disposition ; she had been thrown into a close companionship with an amiable, interesting, and intelligent young man, but it was at that time when the warmth of her affections was first called forth, when her heart and mind found too many objects to interest them, to allow of the selection of *one*, for their fondest and only resting place. And although Ed-

ward Wrottesley was linked with the dawn of her happiness so closely, as almost to justify his being called

“ Her morning star of memory,”

love, in Louisa's acceptation of the word, had not yet become the troubling inmate of her bosom. It was therefore with the warmest feeling of pure friendship, that she welcomed his appearance, by outstretched hands, and a brilliant smile.

“ I am so glad you are come again !” exclaimed the happy girl, as she seated herself by him on the sofa ; “ I have a great deal to tell you.” And Edward not unwillingly listened to her detail of many events which had occurred during his absence.

Strongly did Louisa urge the festivities generally observed at that particular period of the year, as a reason that Mrs. Pierpont should give a ball which she had long promised her niece to do ; but Effa was so happy, she wished for no gaiety.

“ Is Effa right, Mr. Wrottesley, in thus shutting herself up ?” inquired Louisa.

"My uncle has promised me one year of quietness, and indeed I very much wish for it," replied Effa.

"But surely one ball, and that one at home, will not disturb your peace and quiet very much. And I assure you, the families in the neighbourhood are very desirous to know more of you, and are exceedingly curious to see you," said Louisa.

"They have seen me," said Effa, smiling.

"Yes, but they wish to know more of you, for I have given a grand description of you."

"Then I am much afraid they will be disappointed."

"Oh no they will not. Do persuade her, Mr. Wrottesley, say that you advise it, and she will yield, for she thinks every thing right that you say or do."

Edward, upon hearing this speech, looked first at the lively speaker, and then at Effa. There was an expression in Louisa's face which he could not misunderstand, but Effa seemed unmoved, and he said, "I should be very sorry to urge Miss Pierpont to any act which is disagreeable to her."

"But don't you think December a pleasanter month for dancing than June?"

"Certainly I do."

"There, my dear, sweet, solemn cousin," exclaimed Louisa, seizing both Effa's hands, "now you must surrender."

And Effa, fearing that by refusing, she should deprive her friends of a pleasure, did surrender, and with a sweet smile said, "Then I do, Louisa."

"Thank you, thank you. Now when shall it be?"

"That I leave to my uncle and aunt."

"Shall it be on your birth-day, Effa?" inquired Dr. Pierpont.

"Oh no," said Effa, earnestly and seriously, "*that* is not a day to be so noticed; I do not wish any one beside myself to remember that day."

"Why not?" asked Louisa.

Effa felt a tear spring to her eyes, as she answered, "It is for some reasons a day of thankfulness for me, but not one of joy. wish, dear Louisa, you would consent to postpone this ball, till the anniversary of the

day on which I came hither, for that was the beginning of my happiness, and almost of my life."

"No, no, I will not allow you to retract, Effa."

"Then let it be on next Thursday," said Dr. Pierpont, affectionately kissing Effa's pale cheek. "And I shall be proud to introduce my dear little girl to my friends."

"Well," answered Effa, "if it must be so," and she repressed a sigh.

And Louisa immediately seated herself upon an ottoman at her aunt's knee, to consult with her as to the arrangements requisite for this fête; while Effa, having almost forgotten it, was singing to Edward.

But as a doubt of her future prospects, and a feeling of almost unhappiness, weighed upon her heart, Effa's guitar fell at her feet soundless, and the sweet tones of her voice were hushed, while she pensively regarded her favourite canary, and almost envied that state of absence from thought and feeling, which enabled him to enjoy to the utmost the present moment, although a captive.

The respect and kindness, almost amounting to tenderness, with which Edward treated Effa, his marked approbation of her thoughts and sentiments when she expressed them, and Effa's solicitude to be guided by his opinion, her evident pleasure in his society, and her great regard for him, which showed itself continually, by actuating her to regulate her studies and amusements according to his taste and wishes, were not unmarked by her cousin ; who, having by an early intercourse with the world, learnt something of human feelings and passions, began to look into futurity, and imagined that it bore in its mists a blight to the hopes she had formed for her brother. She therefore rejoiced over every moment in which she was the object of Edward's particular attention, and exerted herself to draw him from his close attendance upon Effa ; but she rejoiced much more when a letter from William announced the pleasing intelligence of his speedy return home, although he could not name the particular day.

The long-wished-for Thursday arrived, and



with very different feelings its dawn, noon, and evening, were hailed by the cousins. Louisa was all anticipation of pleasure, Effa quietly awaited the moment, when she was to be publicly introduced as the adopted child of Dr. Pierpont; again the idea that she was appealing to the kind-heartedness of her acquaintances, that she was asking for that notice which she could have claimed under other circumstances, weighed upon her mind and gave to her countenance an expression of pensiveness and reserve; while a consciousness that she could with perfect justice claim that regard for her character, which might be denied to her birth, caused the dignity, softened by elegance, with which she received the salutations of her visitors; and her uncle's fond heart was made proud and joyful as he overheard the remarks made upon her, or thanked his friends for the encomiums which they more openly addressed to him.

She was the object of curiosity to all, and all felt interested in her, while she enjoyed herself much more than she had dared to

hope, and as she cultivated an acquaintance with those around her, she almost believed that Louisa had not overdrawn her picture of the delights of the gay world ; and when the ball-room was emptied, and she was about to retire to rest, she acknowledged to her cousin that she was very much pleased with the evening.

The novelty of the scene she had witnessed did not disturb Effa's rest,—her sleep was sound and refreshing, because her heart had not been moved by jealousy, envy, and the little pains which often follow the amusements of the young ; and she appeared at the breakfast table the next morning at her accustomed hour, with her usual appetite and appearance of health and happiness.

But although Effa had thus made her formal entry into the little gay world of S——, she again became the recluse, and in spite of the many invitations which were directed to her, still adhered to her uncle's promise of exemption from visits, and they were accepted for Louisa, not for herself.

Dr. Pierpont, although justly proud of the

gentle girl, who was becoming hourly more dear to him, felt that it might be better policy that she should be eagerly sought, and thought that an apparent backwardness on his part to bring her into notice, would the better ensure her that respect and attention, which he was so desirous she should meet with ; for he was quite aware that her amiableness and talents, would win for her the love and admiration of those even who were most strenuous in the observance of the etiquettes of society, which, though sometimes acting against a deserving object with harshness, cannot and ought not to be entirely defied, inasmuch that they often enforce an outward observance and respect for morality, where a feeling of its beauties does not exist.

The happy fortnight of Edward's sojournment at S—— passed away, and again Effa felt the loss of his society ; but with the return of spring would he also return, and she applied herself closely to her studies, to perfect herself in many ere he should again be her companion.

## CHAPTER VIII.

SPRING came, and nature was gay in its sunshine. The birds welcomed the returning warmth, and there was a joy almost perfect in every thing.

"Oh, how welcome," said Effa, "are these April showers, after the cold and cheerless snow. I can almost fancy that I see the joy of my flowers. And the little birds, how beautifully they sing! seeming to vie with each other, which can tune its little throat the sweetest and the loudest. Oh, this weather must make every one feel happy!"

And Effa's muse, awakened by her love of nature, made its first humble effort in the following lines:—

Sweet fairy of Spring, where dost thou dwell?  
In the cup of the crocus, when she shoots from the ground  
Her petals of gold, is thy home to be found?  
Dost thou pure honey sip from the suckling so gay?  
'Mid the violets sweet, dost thou revel and play?  
Or hang in the dew-drop, on the red rose's breast?  
Is the hare-bell, so humble, thy favourite nest?  
Shall we ope the round aconite, and seek for thee there?  
Dost thou lurk in the cowslip, or daisy so fair?  
Does the pale yellow primrose thy kind stay invite?  
Or lov'st thou still better the snow drop's pale white?  
Sweet fairy of spring, where dost thou dwell?

I visit the earth in the soft falling showers  
Which moisten the buds of her beautiful flowers;  
In the sun-beam I dance on a bright April day;  
With the south wind 'mid forests, I linger and play;  
I chase the thick ice from the river's green side,  
And bathe in its ripple or float on its tide;  
I hide in the down of the nightingale's throat,  
As she sings to the moon her soft thrilling note;  
Around me the blossoms their sweet odours fling,  
As I ride through the air on the butterfly's wing.  
Though short be my stay, I give pleasure the while,  
And nature rejoices in my soft and sweet smile.

But Effa's gay spirits, like the April sun  
she so much loved, were for a time overshadowed by a cloud. Edward came not to S—, and her happiness was deferred till

June ; for the presence of William Mowbray, amiable as he was, could not entirely compensate for the absence of Edward Wrottesley.

Spring again returned, the sun shone, the flowers blossomed, and the birds sung, and the past year had been an eventful one to Effa ; for in refusing the offered hand of William, she had learnt that she loved another, and that conviction caused a deep bright blush to mantle on her cheek. Her affections were strong, perhaps the stronger for having lain dormant in the earliest part of her life, and when allowed to exercise themselves, they became intensely fixed upon the objects which called them forth ; and very quick in her heart, was the growth of the doubts and fears to which love gives rise,—the hope which smiles brightly for a moment, and the yet stronger despair which follows ; and the attention to trifles which are magnified into huge sources of happiness or of misery, according as hope or despair predominates in the breast.

But although Effa's affections were strong, so also was her mind ; and while she derived

pleasure from her new feeling, she did not suffer it to swallow up every other, and to unfit her mind for employment ; but it became to her an incentive to render her character more perfect, that she might be the more worthy of the affection of one, in whom she could discern no blemish, nor the shadow of one. Love was not with her a dream, in which youth is too often wasted, to which the best feelings and enjoyments are sacrificed, and from which the dreamer awakes at last, shattered in all the affections which sweeten life, unable to recall the happiness and peace which she has thrown from her, and retaining only repentance and regret of her folly.

There is between the mind and the heart, an almost perpetual warfare, which is so far beneficial as it serves to urge each to attain perfection, frequently most assisting each other in this great work, when they appear to be most at variance. A cessation of this hostility, the state of thinking and feeling equally well, when the affections of the heart are in perfect accordance with the opinions of



the mind, is the condition of goodness, to arrive at which we labour.

The affections of the heart are different in their nature to those of the mind ; they are generally, the impulses awakened in an instant by passing circumstances, and have none of the calculation and reasoning which the others possess ; they look neither forward nor back, they weigh neither profit nor loss ; their existence, and their happiness or misery is in the present moment ; they require the aid of the intellect to subdue their intensity, or to increase their fervency ; while, in their turn, they act as stimulants to the mind, and give a warmth and beauty to the virtue produced by the exercise of its faculties.

To produce amiability and happiness, the mind and heart must act together ; they must be the impartial judges, the gentle monitors, and the kind encouragers of each other ; they are dependent upon each other, and we on them. If we suffer in mind, we fall back upon the feelings and affections of our hearts, and our troubles are softened ; if we suffer in heart, we rely upon our minds for assistance



and power to bear our griefs, and we find it. The affections of the heart soften the severe discipline of the mind, and the rectitude of the mind strengthens the right emotions of the heart.

This Effa had learnt very early in life, and therefore the government of her heart was not to her, so very difficult a task. If anger ever showed itself as the dark speck upon its feelings, it was but for a moment, it was soon subdued, for she never allowed herself to sleep while enmity towards a fellow being was rankling in her breast.

In the secrecy of her own apartment, when about to raise her voice in prayer, as the last act of the day, a tenderness would steal over her heart which quenched all angry passions. She felt herself drawn near to the Almighty, and imagined that in such a moment He more particularly regarded her; for sleep is a close resemblance of death, and she was about to commit herself to its forgetfulness. She knew not if she should be permitted to awake again, and in the uncertainty of life, wished to banish all remembrance of evil

from her mind, and sink to sleep as she would die, in peace with all.

It is in the still silent hours of night, when the world with its joys, its fascinations, and its sorrows, has passed away into distance, almost forgotten and unfelt, that the best resolutions of the heart are framed and its kindest feelings awakened; and happy is she, who, when daylight again returns, can sufficiently school her heart to continue its charitable musings, bring them into action, and preserve through the following day, a composure which, when night comes, she can reflect upon with pleasure, because she feels that she has gained some empire over her temper, to which each following day may add strength.

Of the two great commandments of the law, "*To love God with all our strength,*" and "*Our neighbour as ourself,*" the first is the easier to perform.

It is not difficult to devote our love in its greatest strength and power to Him, from whom we have received our life, and every good and perfect gift, to whom we are in-

debted for the blessings which we daily and hourly enjoy ; who is so infinitely above us in power, wisdom, and goodness, as to strike our minds with unbounded awe and wonder, and admiration ; but “ *to love all mankind as ourself*,” some of whom are our inferiors in virtue, — from whom we experience unkindness, — to whom we are not bound by any tie, save that of being members of one great family, — whose interests daily clash with our own,—from whom, our selfish feelings tempt us to recede, — is not a task so easy ; it requires, to perform it, not only the exercise of forbearance, but also of that true charity, which, as St. Paul describes it, “ suffereth long, and is kind,—beareth all things,—endureth all things,—is not easily provoked ;” but if this last be accomplished, our characters are perfected, and we may encourage the hope that we merit to taste the bliss promised hereafter to those who obey the will of God.

“ Effa, are you afraid of the air, this beautiful evening ?” asked Edward.

“ Oh no ! indeed I am not.”

"Then will you accompany me in a stroll?" They had been standing together at the window of the drawing-room, engaged in one of those confidential conversations which were so delightful to our heroine, and she gladly accepted the invitation of her companion to prolong it in the air; therefore quickly throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she sallied forth with him.

"This is indeed a beautiful evening," said the happy and enthusiastic girl: "Oh! how dearly do I love the sweet moon! Well has the poet said that 'with silvery lip, she kisses dead things to life;' and well also has it been said that evil deeds love darkness. Who, on such a night as this could think of evil?"

"And yet," said Edward, "foul deeds have been done by moonlight, even murder."

"Indeed, I fear, 'tis even so; and that heart must be lost, almost past recovery, which could stain the earth with human blood, when the moon shines so sweetly upon it. To me, such a night as this, hallows my emotions, and banishes from my heart all of

unkindness, and from my mind all thought of ill. If my deadliest foe were now before me, I should embrace him."

"*You* can have no foe," said Edward, as he gently pressed the arm that leaned on his more closely to his side.

Effa turned her face towards him, and with a sweet smile replied, "I hope not; and now I am sure I am with a kind friend."

"With one of your earliest and sincerest."

Edward did not see the blush which tinged Effa's cheeks, and knew not the pleasure which his words gave her.

"Do you enjoy this scene as much as I do, Edward? There is not a sound around us, save the gentle murmur of the trees as the wind passes through their leaves; look at that broad river, even its waves are soundless, and seem to leap gently in joy that the moon shines upon them."

"I fully enter into your enjoyment of this scene, dear Effa," replied Edward; "but do you think it preferable to the broad daylight of the sun in its cloudless meridian?"

"Yes, to me it is," answered Effa. "The

glorious sun, warming and benefiting every thing, to me speaks of the *glory and power* of God, and when it sinks into the waves with a broad red disc, as we have seen it do, it then speaks of the *majesty* of God. But that pale planet, with its gentle, but never wavering light, tells me of His *love*; and as I look at it so sweetly shining amid those light fleecy clouds, I think all the vice of my nature is gone, and feel all its virtue heightened. I forget the world and all that belongs to it, and feel, I think, something of that calm state of bliss and purity which the angels enjoy in the heaven above us."

"Nay, Effa, I shall almost quarrel with the moonlight, if it banishes every thing else from your mind and heart, so completely."

"I meant not that exactly," replied Effa, feeling at that moment, how deeply her heart clung to him, who could enjoy this soft evening with her. "When I spoke of the world, I meant its cares, and toils, and all that harasses and fatigues us, in our converse with it. I thought of nothing more, for it is on such a night as this, that I proudly feel

that I form a part of the wonderful universe ; and as such, freely own my brotherhood with the smallest insect, or even the meanest reptile ; but I also feel as intensely that something is promised to *me*, yet more to be valued than this beautiful earth, and that I may one day, be of greater consequence than even that bright and pure little star which now shines so far above us, as to seem scarcely to belong to the same creation."

Effa stood gazing intently on the blue sky above her, deeply wrapt in thoughts which had little of earthliness in them ; the planet she so much loved, shone on her fair brow, and made it even more fair, while the gentle summer south-wind fanned her cheek, and moved her light hair. All who had looked upon her at that moment, must have acknowledged that she was one of the most beautiful creatures of the earth, and as such, loved her. And Edward thought her so, and he loved her, but not with the love for which she hoped and wished. He did not disturb her for some moments, at length he gently whispered, " Timothy Dobbs."



"Nay," said Effa, quickly turning to him, but with no answering smile, "do not call my feelings romantic."

"I will not, dear Effa, for they are religious, they are holy, and I reverence them. I wished but to break your reverie, to ask if you will enjoy this scene yet more, by viewing it from the river. But I fear you have too little clothing."

"I have quite sufficient; and will gladly accompany you."

Edward quickly pushed the little boat from the shore, and then having drawn Effa's shawl more closely around her, he took the oars.

"Oh, not there," said Effa, earnestly, "not in the moonlight, do not let us disturb its silvery streak upon the water."

Edward obeyed her, and guided his little skiff from out the line of the moonlight, and having arrived at nearly the middle of the stream, he rested upon his oars, that they might enjoy the beautiful scenery around them.

On one side were broad fields of pasture



and corn, sloping gently down to the water's edge, and here and there might be discerned the white speck which betokened a habitation in the distance : on the other side, was the noble old mansion of S—— Hall, its massive and antique chimnies, and turreted walls, showing themselves darkly and dimly in front of the darker woods which nearly surrounded them ; before them, were thousands of acres of almost still water, but gently moved by the eddying tide ; and behind them was indistinctly seen the village of M——.

This evening lived in Effa's memory as one on which she had been exquisitely happy, an undefined, yet almost perfect bliss, seemed to surround it. She had but faintly remembered what Edward's words or actions had been, yet was he linked firmly with the recollection of it ; and in after days of anxiety, and nights of sorrow, her mind recurred to those few hours of happiness, and was calmed, and by its remembrance was her aching heart made peaceful.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE surmises and tittle-tattle of the village regarding the position in which he stood with Effa at length became known, through a friend, to Edward, and perhaps he would not have paid much attention to them, had he not at the same time received a letter from his father, in which the Colonel pointedly inquired the nature of his feelings towards the adopted daughter of his kind friend.

Edward was distressed, for although he admired and esteemed Effa, he had never thought of a nearer connection with her, than that of sincere friendship; and he was fearful that his conduct might have been misunderstood by her, and have raised hopes,

which he could not fulfil. With an honourable candour, he therefore requested an interview with Dr. Pierpont, in which he fully explained himself, expressing a hope that his present intimacy with the family might still continue.

Dr. Pierpont was obliged to him, and assured him, that however much he might himself wish for the connection for his dear girl, he was certain she had entertained no thought of it, and that she felt for Edward only the esteem and regard which his character merited : and it was therefore arranged that Edward should still remain at S—— Hall, till his ordination should take place, as had been arranged, and after that time that he should pay a visit to his father at Paris.

Weeks and months passed on, and Effa was happy, for Edward was her daily companion; but this happiness had an end, for the ordination was over, and her companion was on his road to Paris. Still there was no outward show of sorrow in our heroine ; her pursuits and her pleasures appeared to be the same, and her mistaken uncle rejoiced that

he alone had suffered disappointment in the avowed sentiments of his young friend. He knew not that hope in a young breast can bear it up against a separation of a few months, and that the anticipated joy of renewed intimacy and companionship, throws a softness over the regrets produced by absence.

Our heroine's acquaintance in the neighbouring families increased, and she rejoiced within herself to find that she was becoming a social being; for she had frequently grieved over the reserve her disposition had contracted from early habits, and felt that she must make advances towards friendship if she desired to taste its pleasures. As the heiress to Dr. Pierpont, she would have been courted by many, but as the amiable and interesting Effa Pierpont, she was loved by all; wherever she appeared, she was welcomed by the affection of the old, and the admiration of the young; and although her young companions were aware that she was, in every circle, the superior star, her perfect freedom from conceit, pride, and vanity, her desire to

give pleasure to every one, and perfect forgetfulness of self, disarmed them of envy and jealousy ; they loved and respected her. The dignity of her character threw from its contact, the lightness and frivolity of girlhood, and formed a barrier which folly did not dare to cross ; and the kindness of her disposition made all feel that she was sincere and warm in her friendship.

Effa was grateful to her friends for their kindness and attention, she delighted to render affectionate services to all ; but while she appeared to be entirely indifferent and careless of attracting a particular regard, or of thinking of her future prospects, her heart beat with increasing love for her first friend, and every pursuit and every pleasure was connected in her mind, with his remembrance. From this happy state she was doomed to be aroused, for Louisa in the irritation of the moment, which arose from her cousin's refusal of William's renewed addresses, told her that Mr. Wrottesley had decidedly said "that he did not love her."

Something like the feelings with which she

had first received the intelligence of the circumstances of her birth, rushed upon the heart of poor Effa; but the pride of her character quickly subdued them, and with a composure so perfect as to deceive the angry Louisa, Effa assured her cousin that it was perfectly indifferent to her whether Mr. Wrottesley loved her or not. Nor did she at that moment assert any thing contrary to her feelings; for in one instant was she aware of the folly in which she had been indulging herself; and feeling ashamed of, and humbled by her weakness, she determined to conquer her error, and believed that she could very easily do so. But, alas! she was mistaken.

There is a softness and pleasure which for ever hangs over the occurrences of our youth; we love to recall the happy hours of infancy, we talk with delight, even in our oldest days, of the sports of our childhood, and can even smile at the vexations, which at that time appeared so great and overwhelming, but which after-pains have taught us to consider "*trifles light as air*." Many of the songs of our infancy, even the almost tuneless rhymes

of the nursery, are never forgotten, and in older life bring to our remembrance scenes and recollections of happiness upon which the heart delights to dwell, and which shine through the troubles of after days, like the bright stars of heaven in the shadowy midnight. The green leaf of a particular tree, the sight of a particular flower, the taste of a particular fruit, all bring to our recollection the memory of some happy event of our early years—they are the books in which our thoughts and feelings of that innocent time are noted in ever-living characters; and the heart is carried back through many years of toil, pain, and misery, to the time when it knew no cares, and felt no sorrows; and forgetful of the present, unmindful of the future, it dwells with inexpressible delight upon the *past*, till the eye overflows, and we wish ourselves young again.

Eliza's heart was not attached to the home of her infancy: her heart clung to no stone, no bush, which she had known in childhood. She thought of her first home, as one of misery, and a gloom hung over every thing

connected with it ; but that gloom gave way to the brightness of her youthful days.

The strongest and dearest friendships are formed in youth, when the heart is warm with all good feelings, before experience with the ills of life has chilled it, when the mind, ignorant of the vice which exists, has not yet learnt to reason upon the actions of mankind, and to calculate benefits and injuries. And Effa had formed one of these strong and beautiful connections, and although her heart had cherished for a time a warmer sentiment, she now strongly endeavoured to calm it to the enjoyment of a pure and lasting friendship. Edward still retained his position, as the standard of all she thought amiable ; and in spite of her good resolutions, hope would sometimes throw his gay colours over the future, and promise a bliss, of which she trusted herself to think but for a moment ; the words "*he cannot love me,*" sometimes hung upon her lips, but she would not allow herself to be weighed down by sorrow, and remembering the many calls upon her affection and care, she exerted herself to perform her va-



nous duties perfectly. It was in one of her melancholy reveries, when too much indulging in retrospections of her past happiness, as she lingered in the shady path through which she had so often strolled with Edward, and when the happiness of those hours, served to make the prospect of the future more dreary to her, that Effa framed the following lines :

What is Life ?

A twisted yarn — a 'tangled skein —

A mingled web of joy and pain —

A glancing sun-beam warm and bright —

A hanging cloud more dark than night —

A beauteous flower of sweetest scent —

A murky cave where poison's pent —

A golden cup with nectar sweet —

A blackened bowl where bitters meet —

The lightest feather that can rise —

A heavy weight repressing sighs —

A lucid stream with rapid flow —

A stagnant pool where dark weeds grow —

A summer breeze that cools the air —

A hurricane that makes earth bare —

A gift enjoyed with grateful heart —

A load with which we long to part —

And such is Life !

What is Death ?

A sleep that ends our mortal pain,  
But bids us wake to live again —  
A cherub fair with placid mien —  
A welcomed visitor, unseen —  
The harbinger of rest and peace,  
Of gladness that shall never cease —  
A bark that bears our souls away  
To realms of light, and cloudless day —  
A path that faith delights to tread,  
O'er which her light is sweetly shed,  
That leads from mortal woe and strife,  
To everlasting joy and life —  
A blessing sent us from on High —  
The passage to Eternity ! —

And such is Death.

She gave them to her aunt, who was very much pleased with this effort of her beloved child's muse, and strongly urged her to plume her pen again ; but they were the last lines which she saw of Effa's, for sickness suddenly seized her, and death awaited her.

The sick-room is a field in which a woman may beautifully and usefully display the strength of her mind, and the tenderness of her heart ; and she ought to be able to go

through every action and circumstance of nursing, and rejoice to be the means of relieving the suffering, and of promoting the comfort of the patient, by her gentle attentions. And although it must pain her heart to witness the illness and agony of those who are dear to her, yet she must repress her own feelings, and instead of retiring to some distant room to weep out her sorrow, her post must be by the bedside of the sick and the dying, where she must smile in spite of an aching heart, and speak of hope when she does not feel it ; she must pamper the appetite of a sinking stomach, and patiently bear with the irritation which suffering produces, and which often unhappily vents itself upon those who least deserve it, and are in fact, dearest to the sufferer.

And Effa was called upon to do this ; the first sick-bed she attended, was that of Mrs. Pierpont, and she was unremitting in her attentions, and watchfulness during the short time that her aunt was in suffering.

" I much rejoice, my dear Effa," said Mrs. Pierpont, " at our adoption of you, never

have I had cause for one moment to regret it, and I now shall die happy in the idea that I leave your uncle with a companion who loves him, and whom he loves." Effa kissed the pale cheek of her aunt, but could not speak. "Nay, my dear girl, do not weep, death has come upon me rather suddenly, but I trust I am prepared to meet it. For your sake I could have wished for a longer life, for you are young to be left to your own guidance in a world of which at present you know but little. I wish I could have seen you married."

"My dear aunt, that you might never have done," replied Effa with sadness.

"To possess a home of our own, and to share it with one who loves us, is the natural wish of every young heart; and I will not think that it is not yours. Marriage is a holy ordinance, the highest state of happiness which human beings in their earthly state can enjoy; in its affections, it exceeds those of all the other relations of life, for it a woman leaves father and mother, brothers and sisters, and her tie to them becomes sub-

ordinate to that she bears to her husband, but its bonds must not be entered into thoughtlessly. Effa, this is perhaps the last time that I shall have sufficient strength to talk with you, and I have much to say, for I am sure that my advice will be your guide, after I shall be gone."

"My dear aunt," replied the sorrowing girl, repressing her tears; "I will not forget one word you utter; the wish for your approbation has always actuated me hitherto, and I trust my future conduct will not be a reproach upon the care you have bestowed upon me."

"Bless you, dearest, I am perfectly satisfied with your past conduct; it has been every thing I could wish; and although I feel certain that it will continue to be irreproachable, there are a few points upon which I wish to give you advice, because I feel that you are quite inexperienced, and that perhaps as a woman, I can better judge of what is requisite for your happiness, than can your uncle."

"Thank you, thank you, my dear aunt."

"To Louisa, also, you may be of infinite

service ; I wish she were more like my sweet Effa, but she is an affectionate girl, and will receive advice from you. She is about to marry, and by speaking my sentiments to you upon that most important act of a young woman's life, I know that I shall serve her. As our relations in life increase, so also our duties increase ; those belonging to the married state are infinitely greater and more difficult to perform, than those of youthful singleness ; and it is a wise and beneficent ordinance of Providence, that in the performance of them we are aided and incited by the strongest and dearest affections of our nature. To love one exclusively and entirely, and to know that we are by that one cherished with a fondness which equals our own, is indeed an enviable state, and it tempts many young persons to take upon themselves the bonds of matrimony, before they have sufficiently reflected upon its duties and trials."

The colour varied in the cheek of our heroine, and her heart beat with more than usual quickness, during these words of Mrs. Pierpont's.

“ I may perhaps startle you, Effa, by saying that the first year of a young woman's wedded life is generally the most unhappy, and the most trying one she experiences. However intently we may have studied the character of our affianced, however well we may imagine we know it in all its narrow windings, still shall we find, when we become wives, that we have yet something to learn. By actions is the affection on either side shown, and although it is in the power and nature of a woman to manifest her devotedness and tenderness by a thousand little attentions, she must not repine if she receive not the like. The feelings of the other sex, are not so soft and exquisite as those of our own; if they were we might possibly be happier, and we may, for a moment, wish that they were so; but we shall restrain so selfish a desire, if we reflect how much more unfit they would be by such a constitution of heart, to bear the crosses and buffets of the world, and we shall rejoice that they do not possess our keener sensibilities, and rest content with our lot, refusing to increase at their expense,

a happiness, which if not quite meeting our ideas of perfection, does so sufficiently to make us blest."

Effa expressed her fear that her aunt would fatigue herself too much, and urged her to defer the conversation for a short time; but Mrs. Pierpont was anxious to pursue it, and after having taken a little nourishment, she continued:—

"It is said that 'lovers' quarrels are but the renewal of love; but it is not so in truth. Continued differences and bickerings will undermine the strongest affection, and a wife cannot be too careful to avoid disputes upon the most trivial subjects; indeed it is the every day occurrences which try the love and tempers in the married life,—great occasions for quarrels can seldom occur. Every wish, every prejudice must meet with attention, and the first thought of a woman should be the pleasing and providing for her husband.

"It is impossible to enumerate all the little incidents which frequently annoy married men, or the little unobtrusive pleasures which it is in the power of a wife to give; but



throughout her life, in her employments and in her amusements, she must ever bear his pleasure in her mind. She must act for him, in preference to herself, and she will be amply rewarded by witnessing his delight in her and in his home. To a woman who loves her husband with all the devotedness of her nature, this will be a pleasure, not a task ; and to make him happy, she will never grudge, or *feel* any sacrifice of self.

“ But, Effa, no state will ensure perfect happiness ; the most amiable and the most deserving may suffer. God is all-powerful and all-wise, and he chooses various ways to try our love for Him, and our faith in his promises of eternal life — He is all-merciful and never taxes us beyond our strength — He is beneficent and chastiseth those whom he loves. The greater our trials, the greater will be our reward if we come out of them with honour.”

Effa could no longer restrain her tears, they fell fast, as she felt her greatest trial to be the approaching separation from her beloved aunt : and as Mrs. Pierpont's thoughts also wandered to that separation, earthly af-

fections crowded upon her heart, and for some moments, she was unable to proceed.

"The greatest misery a woman can experience, is the changed heart and alienated affections of her husband ; but even in that painful case she must not relax in the performance of her duties ; she must not upbraid, she must bear with fortitude and patience her great disappointment ; she must return good for evil to the utmost, and her consolation will be the consciousness that her trials have not their rise or continuance in any dereliction of affection or duty on her part.

"Some women in order to win back a husband's wandering love, have recourse to the attempt to arouse his jealousy ; but they are much mistaken in pursuing such a method. A man, however debased may be his conduct, never entirely forgets the love he once bore to the bride of his youth : there are moments when feelings of tenderness for her will return with force to his heart ; and to reap the benefit of such moments, the injured but forgiving wife, must still be enshrined in the

purity of former times. A husband will excuse his fault to himself, and in some measure also stand exonerated to the world, if his wife relax in the propriety of her conduct ; while on the contrary, the gentle forbearance, the uncomplaining patience, and unobtrusive rectitude of the woman he injures, will deeply strike his heart, and do much to win him back to his former love, and to the observance of the vows he breathed at the altar, when his heart was devoted to the being from whom it has wandered. A kind look, an affectionate expression half-uttered, must bring his wife to his side, and she must with smiles and tenderness encourage the returning affection, carefully avoiding all reference to her sufferings, or the cause of them.

“This will not be difficult for a virtuous woman to perform. Our love, which before marriage is constrained by the modesty and reserve natural to our sex, increases in fervency and depth afterwards : it enables us to bear unfelt, the world's scorn, all is swallowed up in it — an affectionate wife will cling to her husband through good report and evil

report — through poverty and riches — and the more the world recedes from him, the more firmly will she stand by him — she will be his friend, when none others come near him — she will be his comforter, when all other worldly comfort has slid from him — her devotedness will be his rock, when he has no other support — she will smile at the frowns of the world, she will not heed its censures ; he is her *all*, and in her love, are all other feelings forgotten or absorbed. No sacrifice will be too great, the faintest smile will not be a reward too little — quick at feeling unkindness, we are as quick at feeling tenderness, and a very trifling circumstance is sufficient to awaken or to still the pain of our hearts and bring us misery or happiness.

“These are the feelings which I am persuaded, my sweet child, will experience, should she marry ; — may she meet with a husband who can appreciate them !” said Mrs. Pierpont, tenderly embracing the gentle being, whom she addressed, and who again assured her that marriage was not for her.

“Why should it not be? my Effa,” in-

quired her aunt, "has my little account of its trials and duties alarmed you?"

"Oh no! my dear aunt," replied her niece, sighing and faintly blushing. "I know it to be the most blest state of life, but I shall never taste its blessings." She spoke mournfully, and her kind companion gazed at her steadfastly; but Effa did not dare to meet that gaze, and Mrs. Pierpont said,

"Your prospects in life, alone, render it probable that you will again be sought in marriage, as you have been; although I do not mean to infer that they influenced your cousin, for I believe poor William to be very much attached to you, entirely independent of your fortune."

"But surely it may be a bar to my perfect happiness."

"I own that riches are too much sought for, in marriage. It is not a fault confined to the other sex, I very much fear our own is often actuated by it. I think we may attribute the increase of celibacy, to the increase of luxury. Young people too often expect to begin life with all the indulgences around

them, which they enjoy under the parental roof ; forgetting that their parents have earned them by long lives of industry, or that accidental circumstances have showered them down. To marry where they cannot be procured, is, they imagine to debase themselves, and to lose their station in society ; and thus have worldly goods, too often, more weight in arranging the affair of marriage, than have the qualities of the heart and mind. It is because the interests of each sex, instead of drawing towards each other, are perverted into channels embanked by self-indulgence, and because each makes the other the means of attaining luxury, that there are so many unhappy married couples, and so many miserable young men and women, who with warm affections, could not subject themselves to a few privations, and are therefore doomed to singleness. But you, my dear Effa, cannot value riches and estate beyond the happiness of the heart."

"Oh no, indeed I do not ; and willingly would I relinquish almost all the fortune my kind uncle intends for me, to be as happy as

I wish to be." She spoke earnestly, and again Mrs. Pierpont's steady gaze was fixed upon her. Effa knew that it was, and she almost felt tempted to throw herself upon the bosom of her aunt, and own the weakness of her heart, but that shame prevented her.

Mrs. Pierpont half guessed the cause of Effa's emotion, and the positive assurances which she gave of her intention to remain unmarried. She could have wished her niece to have been open with her upon the subject, but she would not force a confidence.

"The single state," she observed, "may be made one of great happiness, by the exercise of the virtues, which are fundamentally the same as are required to render every situation in life, one of blessedness. Our feelings, our time, and all the advantages we may possess of body, mind, or estate, are not given us to be wasted on ourselves, because we have no husband or children to share them with us, and no domestic hearth to make the glad assembling spot of these relations. The world is our home, its inhabitants are our husbands and children, and we shall find

ample employment upon our hands, if we endeavour to spread our benefits among them. Many a smile will welcome the appearance of the single woman, and many a heart-felt blessing will be invoked upon her head, if she perform her duties towards her fellow-creatures, with that love, tenderness, and amiability, which belong not to one state of life, but to all — to young or old — single or married — a wife or a widow.

Perhaps one of the greatest errors to which the unmarried are liable, is the forgetfulness of the progress of time. Years pass by us, and we observe not the fading of our youthful bloom ; time gently, but surely lays his finger upon us, and leaves its impress ; an impress too clearly marked by others, if unnoticed by ourselves ; in which case we continue our career of youthful pleasures and habits, and wonder that we meet with ridicule ; while by watching the progress of our life, and counting its years, we learn to adapt our pleasures and habits to its different stages, and thereby ensure esteem. Age *will* creep upon us, admiration and flattery, the attend-



ants upon youth, will pass us by, to seek another generation, and it is in our power to secure in their stead, a respect which will continue with us till life's latest day. Effa," continued Mrs. Pierpont, affectionately pressing the hand which was locked in hers, "my dear Effa, whatever may be your state, whether married or single, remember this, that the affections are things too dear to be trifled with ; if you marry, do not inconsiderately try the strength of your husband's, but hold them sacred, and guard them as your dearest treasure ; if you remain single, sport not with those of another, nor with your own,—they are much too precious to be lightly dealt with."

"My dear aunt, with the recollection of my mother's fate constantly on my mind, I do indeed feel that the heart is our weakest as well as our dearest part, and requires more vigilance, than some of us can command," replied Effa, half breathing a sigh.

"Yet, while I recommend to my dear child a strict guard upon her heart, I would have her recollect that, although she is truly pitiable who knows no other guide for her con-

duct, yet is that young woman scarcely loveable, whose character is made blameless and perfect, by the powers of her mind."

Mrs. Pierpont's warning not to trifle with the affections was almost a needless one to our heroine, she already loved too devotedly to make it applicable to her conduct with regard to others; and to herself, pure and disinterested love, formed too much a part of her nature to be assumed or cast off at will.

"I am sure that my dear child will not think a few observations upon the continuance of her education useless. At no time of our lives can we say, 'that we may rest from our labours, for we have learnt every thing.' There must always be some knowledge yet to acquire, and we must not relax in our studies. The trouble which has been bestowed upon you, and the time that you have already spent in acquiring the rudiments of education, will be but of little avail towards forming a finished education, if you do not employ much of your leisure time in reading. But this amusement and study must be pursued with diligence and care; continual

reading if persevered in without method, and without reflection, will improve neither the mind nor the heart. Your studies must be carefully classed, and you must not continually fly from one subject to another, nor always follow such a kind of reading only, as most deeply interests you. Of history you have already gained some knowledge, and have learnt the causes of events, the springs of actions, and have studied the characters and circumstances of the acting personages. Connected closely with the historical events of each nation, are, its literature and discoveries in sciences. To mark every kind of improvement, is instructive and interesting; it destroys the line which the young are too apt to draw between ancient and modern times, it links the past with the present, and makes us feel our brotherhood with those who have lived before us, while it teaches us to think that future generations may yet carry on in the scale of perfection, inventions and discoveries in which we can discern no deficiency.

“By the literary history of nations, we

observe the slow but sure progress of learning, the increasing cultivation of the mind, the silent but strong power which it possesses over the habits and feelings of mankind, and we thus gain an incentive to the further improvement of our own capacities.

“Of the light publications of the current time, I would advise to you a judicious reading; many are published which are worthy of great praise, and will serve to recreate your mind after it has been fixed upon deeper reading; by a perusal of them, you will gain a knowledge of the prevailing taste in the matter and style of the age in which you live. But there are also many into which I should wish you, my dear Effa, not to look, which, by the elegance of their diction, gloss over their sophistry, and render enticing, speculations which tend too frequently to undermine morality.”

“These I will certainly leave,” said Effa.

“And my dear child,” continued Mrs. Pierpont, “remember your needle-work, which I rank among the domestic acquirements of our sex, and one which ought not

to be neglected ; it employs many a lonely hour, when we have been fatigued by an active employment, and gives rest to the mind after having been exerted in study, and also an opportunity to reflect upon, and to digest what we may have been reading."

"Of industry, I need scarcely make mention to you, for my dear Effa is always industrious. No moment of a young person's day ought to be unemployed, and she should remember also, that it is right to do every thing in the best manner, if it be only the folding of a piece of paper. Activity of body produces activity of mind, and again activity of mind quickens the feelings of the heart, and makes us more alive to happiness ; while slothfulness of body causes sluggishness of mind and heart ; the one will seek for no new idea, nor keep in action and strength the few it may possess ; the feelings of the other will be supinely centered in ourselves, and will never be moved by the happiness or misery of others. There is yet something more which I wish to impress strongly upon your mind, namely, that a woman is essen-

tially a being of retirement and seclusion, and that her nature becomes deteriorated by any employment which brings her before the public. Home is our province, and let your greatest wish and endeavour be, to perform the duties belonging to it perfectly and properly ; do not seek to raise yourself by your talents or acquirements, to be the rival of the other sex, but let your delight and desire be, to contribute to their happiness ; nature has made us subservient to man, and relying upon him for support and assistance. Take from us our dependence upon him, and we shall lose a great portion of our claim upon his love and tenderness, while we shall rob him of the great softener of his character ; our helplessness naturally induces in him a tenderness of manner, thought, and feeling towards us, it increases our gratitude to him, while the giving and receiving protection forms an affectionate link to bind us together. And now, my dear child," said Mrs. Pierpont, kindly kissing Effa, "I will rest, although I could say much more to you."

This was almost the last conversation

which Mrs. Pierpont held with her niece, who in after years frequently recurred to it in thought, and in converse with those she loved. Many a time did she regret that she had not confided the secret of her bosom to her dying relative; and as often did she congratulate herself that she had not.



## CHAPTER X.

DEATH, for the first time, visited Effa's home, and deprived her of a beloved relative ; she felt his near approach with awe, and received this conviction of her mortality with humility, yet with joy.

In the hours of gladness and of happiness, we may say to ourselves, "there is a God, and there is a heaven." But it is in the hours of sorrow that we *feel* such to be the case. When all is sunshine around us, we give God praise with a loud voice for the blessings we enjoy ; but when the dark cloud hangs over us, then is it that we deeply but silently thank him for the peace and happiness promised for the future ; when the feeling of sorrow is most acute, when the trials of the heart are



the greatest, the conviction of a life hereafter comes to the mind, and brings with it a healing balm, and the hope of again enjoying the society of those whom we have loved, will speak above the voice of philosophy, which raises doubts and difficulties to our belief.

Effa, in the loneliness and sorrow which the death of Mrs. Pierpont brought upon her, had often breathed to herself the wish that Edward Wrottesley were with her; gladly then did she prepare to execute her uncle's commission of writing to him, to request his presence. Yet letter after letter was written and destroyed, before she could pen one to her satisfaction; in some she thought she had expressed herself too warmly, in others too coldly, till at length she finally sealed and despatched one; and often did she think of its contents, and repent of the expressions she had used, when it was too late to correct them. That letter, so kind and mournful, brought Edward from Paris.

Effa, who had calculated the earliest day and hour at which he could arrive at S—, was sitting alone in the drawing-room, musing

upon the great changes which she had experienced in her short life, and perhaps looking into futurity for yet another and a happier change, when Edward's well-known knock aroused her.

"I am very glad to see you," she said, as she welcomed him with outstretched hands, and gently returned the pressure of his. "My uncle has so much wished for you."


Edward attributed her agitation, the burning blush which for a moment painfully suffused her cheek, and the almost deadly paleness which succeeded it, her trembling voice, and half-averted tearful eye, to the emotion at seeing him for the first time under the melancholy circumstances of her bereavement; and gently retaining her hand in his, he seated himself by her, and inquired kindly and affectionately of many particulars relating to herself and Dr. Pierpont.

Was it that sorrow had added to the beauty of Effa's countenance, and to the sweetness of her voice,—was it, that the calm resignation she expressed, the love with which she mentioned her aunt, the gratitude with which

she dwelt upon her goodness and kindness—or that absence had endeared her to him, and that she had won by a comparison with others—that Edward felt more deeply interested in the gentle creature who received him, and welcomed him as her best friend ?

It is in the hours of sorrow, more than in those of joy, that heart draws to heart, and we find how strong is our dependence upon our fellow-creatures, a dependence honourable alike to those who give, and to those who receive it.

Edward and Effa each felt this, a new feeling was awakened in his breast ; the one she had so long cherished, was for a time indulged without restraint. Again were they daily companions, their pursuits were again the same, their pleasures the same ; their united efforts to comfort the almost heart-broken Dr. Pierpont, drew them together in thought and feeling, and the desire to create an amusement for her uncle, made Effa listen with attention to the details which her companion gave of his sojournment on the continent. But this happy time did not last long



to either party; Effa remembered the words "*he cannot love me,*" and her manner became gradually more reserved; she was fearful of betraying her sentiments, and she who had hitherto known no concealment, whose thoughts and feelings had been uttered freely, and who had upon every occasion sought for the correction or approbation of her early friend with openness and candour, now weighed and considered every word before she uttered it, and judged every action before it was performed. Anxious as she still was to win his approbation, she no longer applied for his opinion, but watched to gain it unobserved; she who had in every pleasure sought in him a participator, now almost shrunk from his intimacy. Once, in the quick feeling of the moment, when something had been expressed which gave her joy, she looked at him as formerly; their eyes met, but his were averted so immediately, that the expression of them could not be caught. The poor girl felt it to be unkind, and regretted it; but no outward sign could tell to him her disappointment, and Edward who was al-

ready fearfully wishing to create an interest for himself in her heart, read in her colder manner a desire to crush his hopes in their first upspringing. Often were his eyes fixed intently upon the countenance of his fair companion, and the poor girl encountered their gaze, and was lost in bewilderment when she endeavoured to read its meaning. Day by day the love of Edward gathered strength, and hope fluctuated; so also was it with Effa, not that *her* love *could* increase, but she hourly felt a greater pleasure in it, while she as constantly and as strongly felt its hopelessness. These adverse feelings gave to the manners of each a fickleness and waywardness, which was distressing to both; and while they fancied themselves understood by the other, it was in a manner very different to that which each wished.

Misery is so unnatural a burden to human nature, that even when sorrow lies with its heaviest weight upon our hearts, we endeavour to shake it off; the buoyancy of the mind resists it, and the heart will seek for some means to alleviate or to banish it; its

long duration is contrary to our nature, and to religion ; it is sent, not as a necessary consequence of our humanity, but to warn us that we *can* taste unhappiness,—that our blessings in this life are not free from alloy,—that our affections are not to be wholly and entirely placed upon sublunary things,—and to teach us our dependence upon a higher Power ; and however poignant grief may be for a time, we awake from its tortures, only to taste happiness with a renewed relish, and to rejoice in the comforts yet spared us.

Louisa's marriage occupied the attention of Dr. Pierpont, as well as that of Effa, and was of infinite service to both, by calling their thoughts from themselves, and turning them into another channel.

Arrangements were also made that Edward should become the inmate of the Parsonage-house, as the curate of S——, and that Mrs. Mowbray should divide her time between her daughter and him, “till,” as he said with a smile, though not one of pure happiness, “he could meet with a more agreeable companion.”

Mrs. Mowbray's happiness had for some years been derived from her children, and till Effa's introduction at S—— Hall, she had thought that none could equal hers in virtue, goodness, and beauty; but she had learned to love the child of her brother's adoption almost as her own, and had mourned over the disappointment she, as well as her beloved son, had suffered, in Effa's refusal of the addresses of William. He was at a distance, and a constant fear and doubt hung over his existence, and therefore it was a severe trial to her to part with her daughter, although Louisa would be settled only at the distance of a few miles from her.

In youth, the parents are the objects of the child's dearest affections; but in after life, although this real affection towards a parent be not weakened, yet when a son or a daughter leaves the paternal roof for one of their own, a stronger love takes place towards the partner they have chosen; they become husbands, wives, and parents themselves, and *their* parents no longer hold the first place in their hearts; and although these ties may be loos-



ened by death while yet their parents live, never can the heart forget the love they had awakened, and place again in its fondest corner the filial affection of early childhood. Those throbs which have beat for a husband or child, can never own the power of any any other relation, and if husband and child be removed, they will become inactive, till the same ties again call them forth.

This is the order established by Providence, who, to every relation of life has assigned its proper degree of affection, which cannot be increased or diminished without injury to itself or to some other; and to this order every one must bow submissively, and without repining.

The mother may regret the society of the daughter, but she must rejoice that she leaves her home a bride, and pray that she may be blest in her new ties, and that she may fulfil the duties of her new state, and thus manifest to the world, and herself reap the benefits of, the care and attention which have been bestowed upon her youth; she must recall to her mind the time when she



experienced a stronger love than the filial, and must not think her child forgetful of her duty, because she has done the same.

Mrs. Mowbray had no fear for her daughter's happiness, for she was united to an amiable man ; and Effa rejoiced in the event, hoping that the character of wife would give to Louisa's principles and affections that steadiness in which they were deficient ; she could have wished that her light-hearted cousin had been more deeply impressed by the importance of the change in her state, and that the feeling and recollection of *self*, had more yielded to the desire of pleasing her affianced ; and she repeated to Louisa, the evening before her marriage, much of the conversation which had taken place between her aunt and herself upon the subject.

" Oh ! indeed," said Louisa, in her usual lively tone, " I cannot be so subservient. No, no, Mr. Emlin must be my slave, not I his."

" There is no occasion for slavery on either side, my dear Louisa, but submission is the duty of the wife."

"Indeed I will not be so very submissive, my sweet humble coz ; I expect that Henry, when my husband, will be quite as attentive to my looks and wishes as he now is ; any diminution of attention, I shall resist."

"I hope you will act otherwise, my dear Louisa," said Effa, seriously ; "or you will be disappointed in your happiness."

"My dear Effa," exclaimed her cousin, throwing her arm round her companion ; "you will make a treasure of a wife ; you will not dare to differ from your husband in opinion."

"Not on trivial subjects," replied Effa, "because I shall endeavour to make my opinion coincide with his."

"Nor on more important ones?"

"You are wrong, Louisa ; on those points in which my eternal welfare is concerned, I must adhere to my own opinions, if I feel them to be right. But I hope that if I marry, there will be no difference of any kind between my husband and myself ; for I cannot marry a man whom I consider inferior to myself in any respect."

"If you marry. Ah! Effa:—is it so very unlikely that you will do so? Shall I prophesy to you?"

Effa shook her head.

"Before this time twelvemonth, my sedate cousin, Effa Pierpont," said Louisa, smiling archly, "will just be preparing to do the same foolish thing I am about to do."

Effa blushed, but said nothing.

"Well now, dear cousin, let me thank you, for all your kindness to me," observed Louisa, more seriously; "I value it; and although I may even now have laughed at your advice, I shall remember, and I hope, profit by it. If ever I should be in trouble, I will come to my sweet Effa, for more of her excellent counsel:"—and she tenderly kissed her cousin.

"Most sincerely do I wish you may never require it, my dear Louisa; but at all times shall I be most happy to assist you."

## CHAPTER XI.

BROWN, the footman, entered the breakfast room of S—— Hall, saying, "Mr. Smith has met with an accident, sir."

Effa was upon the point of dropping the cup she was handing to Edward, who occasionally found his way to the Hall early in the morning, and was easily prevailed upon to take his first meal there.

"What is the matter, Brown?" inquired Dr. Pierpont.

"He was shooting, this morning, sir, and the gun burst, and has hurt his hand very much," replied the footman.

"Let Mr. M—— be sent to him immediately."

"The boy who brought the message is

gone for him, sir. But Mr. Smith wishes very much to see Miss Pierpont."

"Then I will certainly go," said Effa.

Edward suggested as a better plan, that she should wait till after the surgeon should have seen him, as an operation might be necessary.

"No," said Effa; "I shall disappoint him, if I do not go immediately."

"You shall do as you please, my dear girl," said her uncle. "But if the poor old man should forget the trial to your feelings, and make any request with which it may be painful and disagreeable to you to comply, the disappointment will be greater to him, than if you wait an hour or two before you go."

"Oh! I think I can do any thing he can wish."

"I know your willingness to oblige him, and therefore will not oppose you. I will go with you myself. And perhaps Edward will walk down, a short time hence, to meet you, as I shall go on to Ipswich."

"Certainly," said Edward: and this being

arranged, Effa and Dr. Pierpont proceeded to the game-keeper's cottage.

They there found the surgeon already arrived, and examining the wounded hand, which he found so much shattered, that he declared it to be expedient to amputate the thumb.

"I am glad you are come," said the poor old man to Effa, as she entered the room. "I have met with an ugly accident, and I wished to see you once more before I die."

"It is a sad accident," said Effa; "but will not affect your life, good Mr. Smith."

"I must lose my thumb, Mr. M—— says."

"I think it advisable to remove it, and immediately," said Mr. M——.

"You will not leave me?" observed old Smith, anxiously; turning to his granddaughter.

Effa looked at her uncle, who took her into the other room.

"My dear child," said Dr. Pierpont; "I know of what you are capable; but I see no

occasion for you to grant this wish of Mr. Smith's."

"I will do it, sir, if you please,—I think I can command myself," returned Effa.

"Then so it shall be."

And they returned to the sick-room. Effa took her station by the side of her grandfather, whose hand she held; and the old man's smile of joy and affection created new strength in her frame, to go through the scene of pain which followed.

Effa kept her eyes fixed upon the countenance of Smith, but nevertheless she could not but be aware instinctively of the moment in which the surgeon began his work, and a shudder passed over her frame.

"I can bear it, my dear young lady," said Smith, as he felt the tremor of the little hand which was clasped in his, and marked the expression of pity which spread over the features of his fair attendant.

It was over, and Effa, who had braced her nerves to bear it without shrinking, turned deadly pale, which Mr. M—— perceiving, he led her from the room, and by timely appli-

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cations of hartshorn, saved her from fainting.

"You have behaved nobly, my dear Effa," said Dr. Pierpont. "You have shown a valuable presence of mind; a quality which is as necessary in your sex, as in ours, for without it a woman becomes, in the hour of trouble or danger, a burden to those about her, instead of assisting them by her advice, example or exertions."

"I question if the patient would have borne the operation so manfully, if Miss Pierpont had not been present," observed Mr. M——.

"That idea fully repays me for what I have gone through," said Effa, faintly.

"I hope it has not been too much for you, dear child. Although one of your sex should be able, when it is necessary, to bear without trembling, the sight and touch of blood, yet far am I from thinking it incumbent upon her, or praiseworthy, to seek for such scenes, where her presence can be of no use, and whither she is led by curiosity, rather than by obligation."



"I wish," said Mr. M——, "there were more ladies who can nerve themselves to go through a scene of this kind, as well as Miss Pierpont has done. If women would be more aware how much service they render in a sick-room, and would endeavour to gain a little knowledge of the business of one, I believe that we professional men should feel the benefit of their activity and attentions, almost as much as our patients."

Edward arrived, and regarded Effa's yet pale cheeks with a tenderness and anxiety, which he did not attempt to conceal. Effa was aware of it, and she assured him with a smile, "that she was now perfectly recovered." The look, and the smile, were treasured deeply by each, and encouraged hopes which yet were not felt without trembling.

"Miss Pierpont has shown herself a heroine," said the surgeon.

"Oh no, I am no heroine, Mr. M——, nor do I wish to be one," exclaimed Effa; and as Edward drew her arm within his, he said :

“No heroine; but a kind, an amiable, and useful woman.”

Effa felt the gentle pressure of his hand which accompanied his words, but she dared not trust herself with thinking of it, as a proof that he wished to be other than he had ever been,—her kindest friend.

Dr. Pierpont attentively watched the progress of the growing attachment between the young people, and was convinced of Edward's long before Effa dared to hope it; for his assertion “*that he could not love her,*” was continually upon her mind and heart, to crush suddenly and entirely any joy which might arise from a momentary tenderness on his part. She felt that she could never love another, but at the same time, she was aware that it was necessary for her peace and happiness, that she should not allow herself to be engrossed with this one feeling, to the detriment of her duties to those around her, and she was resolved to school her heart to a state of strong and perfect friendship for him, convinced, as she was, that a warmer feeling would meet with no return from Edward.

Meanwhile, Wrottesley saw Effa the admired and courted favourite of every one who knew her ; he daily heard her blessed by the poor, to whom she was a kind and wise benefactor ; he witnessed her amiable qualities in her home, the duties of which she performed with a dignity, elegance, and suavity of manners, which he had never seen surpassed. The acquirements of her mind were great, and afforded a rich treat to those who would seek them, for they were never displayed ; her accomplishments were the delight of her acquaintances, and without pride, or conceit, and equally free from timidity, she was ever ready to give them amusement through the means of her music, and her drawing. There might be, and there were many handsomer faces than Effa's, but in hers there was an attractive sweetness, which Edward called beautiful, and upon which he would frequently fix one of those long looks which so much puzzled our heroine. Edward felt all this, and loved ; he thought of every minute circumstance of her manner towards him, to discover something upon which

to build his hopes, but it was of such a calm, kind, and confiding nature, that he believed her sentiments towards him were not warmer than those to which she was endeavouring to bring them.

Another scene of death awaited Effa. Poor Smith's wound proved a serious one, and he sunk under its effects; our heroine was a daily visitor to him, and in his last moments, all the affection and tenderness which her consanguinity occasioned, broke in a full tide of joy and warmth from the old man's heart; all recollection of her station, or her riches was gone; she was his relative, his dear child, as he frequently called her, as she administered kindly and attentively to his sick-bed.

No food was so good as that which she brought and prepared for him, nor would he take it unless she were near him; her delicate arm raised his grey head from its pillow, and her hand held the cup to his lips.

"They call you Effa," said the old man, looking affectionately at her. "Her name was Mary. But 'tis well; you are as beautiful

as she was, and you will be happier. Poor child ! you never knew her ; but if she should come back —”

“ I will be to her,” replied Effa, “ as I have been to you.”

“ And will you tell her, that I forgave her, and that her poor mother forgave her, though she broke the poor creature’s heart. It was a sad blow to us ; we, who, though poor, had never known shame before ; and she was our only child,” and tears rolled down the old man’s furrowed cheeks.

“ But *you* have still been respected,” observed Effa, with a wish to soothe him.

“ Yes, thank Heaven ! But it made me an altered man ; but since I have known you, I have been happier.”

“ I rejoice at that,” said Effa.

“ I thought you would be proud, and would not notice a poor man like me : but Heaven bless your sweet face, it has always looked kindly.” And he gently put aside the ringlets which hung over her cheek, as she stooped over him. “ It is like your mother’s my poor Mary ; aye, and like your

father too. He was my master, and a good master in all but that, my dear young lady."

"Nay," said Effa, interrupting him; "call me your grandchild."

"It makes me proud in my old days, to call you my grandchild," replied the old man, with a smile of joy, which quickly faded from his countenance, as he continued: "But I am dying. You will live many years, and will be happy. But do not trust too much to words; you will be courted,—you have been by young Mr. Mowbray,—he is a fine young fellow; but there is a better than he."

Effa's cheek became suffused with a blush, for she knew that he alluded to Edward Wrottesley, who was a favourite with the old man, and who, during his illness, had frequently visited him, and read to him.

"You have been kind to me, and you will be a kind mistress to all," resumed old Smith, "though I shall not live to see it. My time is up; I have long been a lonely man, and I do not fear to die. Now go home, and come

again to-morrow. 'Tis not fit that you should spend all your time in a poor man's cottage."

Effa had scarcely arrived at the Hall before a messenger brought word that Mr. Smith was much worse, and she quickly returned to the cottage, but the poor old man was almost speechless : he welcomed her with a look of gladness, and she drew near to his bed. During the few moments he yet lived, his eyes were not removed from her ; she knelt, and Edward who was present also, observing his effort and wish to raise his hand, gently placed it on the uncovered head of his grandchild, and the dying man's last words, scarcely articulated, were a " blessing upon his dear child."

Effa's head sunk upon the bed, and the cold hand still rested upon it. Edward for a moment contemplated the scene before him : the old man from whom the breath had just fled, and the beautiful creature who was sobbing by the bed-side. He removed the stiffening hand, and raising Effa from her kneeling posture, pressed her for one moment to his

bosom, with a brother's tenderness, and gently touched her forehead with his lips.

Riches had soothed the bed of poverty, — youth and beauty had administered to old age,—the humble grandfather had blessed his child.

It was Effa's wish that Dr. Pierpont should perform the service at the burial of Smith, for she felt that his presence would give greater weight and consequence to her attendance at the funeral, than Edward's would do. She did not altogether follow the father of her ill-fated mother to his grave ; she did not walk with the humble mourners, whom respect for the dead had gathered together ; but when the coffin had been lowered in its resting place, Effa stood by the side of her uncle, with unaffected sorrow ; and as the spectators made way for her approach, as they looked upon her downcast countenance of paleness and grief, there was not a heart among them that did not feel an interest in her,—that did not bless her ; and there was not among them a creature who did not con-



gratulate himself and others in the prospect of serving such a mistress.

Effa stood among those over whom she was superior, without pride or ostentation ; she looked at the open grave which had just received her almost only relative ; she regarded the elderly man who had performed the last offices to one but a few years his senior, and she felt that in a short time she might again be a lonely being upon the wide face of the world, as in the days of her childhood. She had tasted something of the happiness which the ties of relationship throw around us ; but one of them remained to her : —a few years,—a few days might snap that only one ; and the connection which could have supplied, aye, how much more than supplied, this want of kindred, could never be hers ; yet was the smothered love with which she cherished Edward, an undefined and shadowy, but strong link which bound her to the human race. She loved the universe, —the bright sunshine made her spirits joyous, the soft moonlight made them tender,—she gazed upon the stars with admiration, — she

watched the rolling clouds with pleasure.—  
 the wide expanse of ocean below her,—she  
 bent over the fair flowers of the fruitful earth  
 with delight, and the songs of the birds  
 charmed her,—she enjoyed the companionship  
 of her fellow-creatures, and was lost  
 with their friendship:—but now—there was  
 a passion secretly rooted in her breast, but she  
 checked its shoots, withered its leaves, and  
 fostered not its growth. She felt that she  
 could not utterly crush it, and scarcely  
 wished to do so; it was the source of a mel-  
 ancholy enjoyment to her, though almost  
 a forbidden one, for she knew its hopelessness,  
 the danger it threatened to the perfec-  
 tion of her character, and that in that one  
 passion lay her almost-all of human failing.

## CHAPTER XII.

" My dear uncle, I have received an invitation from Louisa, which I wish very much to accept, for I fear she is not quite well in health or spirits."

" Accept it by all means, my dear child," returned Dr. Pierpont, " for in either case I am sure you will be of great service to her. I wish she more resembled you, Effa; I sometimes fear for her happiness."

" Louisa is giddy, but she has a good heart, and I am sure will be all we can wish, after a short time," said Effa.

" She is an example of a good heart, and an able head, spoiled by the flattery of the world, but much more from the want of stea-

diness of character and principle. Louisa has lived for the world, and will, I fear, find it difficult now, to live for her husband and herself. It is fortunate for her that she is married to a worthy and sensible man."

"And to whom she is attached, my dear uncle."

"As much as she could be to any one. She married, because she imagined it to be the end and aim of a young woman's life to attain that state; and she will perform the duties of it tolerably well, just so long as they are easy, and her husband treats her with the attention which he did before marriage; but if difficulties cross her path, if her happiness should ever be dimmed, then I fear for my poor Louisa."

"Indeed, dear uncle, I do not think you need fear. I am sure Louisa will never forget what is due to her own character, or to her husband's."

"No, Effa; she will never disgrace herself materially; but I am afraid she has not sufficient understanding and feeling of her responsibility as a wife, a woman, and a Chris-

tian, to carry her perfectly through little accidents which may happen to her. But you must go to her; she loves you, and will be guided by your advice, and no one can give her better."

Effa would willingly have endeavoured to persuade Dr. Pierpont that her cousin merited a better opinion than he entertained of her, but that she herself doubted the strength of Louisa's goodness; yet many allowances must be made for her, she had been indulged by her mother, and had been admired and flattered by her friends; and Effa knew many such characters, who went through every station of life blamelessly, happily, and with honour; and she hoped that her cousin would do the same. She was, however, a little shocked and astonished at the appearance of Mrs. Emlin, and at the reception she gave her.

"Well," said Louisa, but not with her usual gaiety, "this is kind of you; I am very glad you are come."

Effa expressed her gladness at their again

being together, but was vexed to observe a care-worn expression in Louisa's face, which hitherto had been constantly wreathed in smiles. She was afraid her cousin was in ill-health.

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Emlin, "I am very well, only the cares of matrimony are rather too much for me. Ah! Effa, you know nothing of them, and if you will take my advice, you never will."

Effa looked with astonishment at her companion. "Louisa, I did not expect to hear such advice from you; you who are, or ought to be so happy; at least," she continued, looking round the well-furnished apartment, which abounded in elegant luxuries; "you appear to me to have every thing to make you so. An excellent, and kind husband, and your child."

"Yes, but all these bring cares," replied Mrs. Emlin.

"True: and no situation in life is without its cares; and yet we may be happy. But where is your husband?"

"He will be home by and bye; he is gone to his club. I hate that club,—he is always there; and I am so much alone."

"You should recollect, Louisa, that after the toils of the day, Mr. Emlin requires a little relaxation to his mind; and besides, he meets friends at his club, whom he would not otherwise see."

"He is happier there than he is at home," said Mrs. Emlin, discontentedly.

"I am sorry to hear that, if it be true; for I fear that you are negligent towards him, Louisa."

Before Louisa could reply, Mr. Emlin returned home, and welcomed Effa with great kindness, saying, "I am glad Dr. Pierpont would spare you, although I was afraid to hope it; because I think you will be a comfort to Louisa, whose spirits flag a little sometimes; and owing to my profession, I am necessarily much from home."

He spoke kindly, but Louisa showed no thankfulness, but remained silent; and poor Effa began to fear that blame must attach to

her cousin ; a fear which ripened into conviction, during her stay in the house.

Louisa was attached to her husband, and it was impossible that she should live with him, and not be so : he was so perfectly amiable, affectionate, and, as Effa thought, reasonably attentive ; he appeared to value his home, and to be happier there than elsewhere. Not so his wife : she was too fond of general society, and no care was upon her brow, no ill-temper showed itself in manner or expression, when in company ; while in her home, she was listless and unhappy.

Effa remonstrated with her, and endeavoured to make her sensible that she was laying the foundation for years of misery for herself and her husband.

" Mr. Emlin," said she, " is fond of music, and yet you acknowledge that you have scarcely touched your piano since your marriage. Believe me, my dear Louisa, you are wrong. A neglect, or discontinuance, in the married life, of those accomplishments which were pursued in youth, is highly reprehensible ;



you ought to relish and follow them, on account of the pleasure they give to your husband, and the relaxation they afford him after the day has been spent in the toils of his profession. Surely it gives you pleasure to have your song listened to, or your drawing admired, by one so intimately connected with you, and so much attached to you. They were perhaps the first incitements to his love, surely, therefore, it is your interest, as well as your duty, to continue them for his amusement."

"I don't think he cares for them now."

"Indeed you are mistaken; did he not express himself delighted with our pleasant evening of yesterday? and did he not thank you for the amusement you had given him?—Louisa, you must not exact too much."

"Yet, you heard what he said this morning, because I was not ready for breakfast quite so soon as he wished."

"I did, and I thought he was right. While you are in health, and able to perform the duties of your house, he is as much out of his place in having them thrown upon him,

as you would be in visiting his patients. A man has a right to expect the due performance of these trifling offices, where the health of his wife allows of her being active."

"But it must sometimes happen that I am rather late," said Louisa.

"It must not become a habit with you, to be so, Louisa. There is another point upon which I wish to speak ; I mean your dress."

"Henry is very particular about it."

"I should not suppose so from your appearance, Louisa. A strict attention to her personal appearance, is also one of the duties of a married woman. You must not allow yourself to be unneat, because your husband is your only companion ; you would not have appeared so to him before marriage, and why should you do so now ? He ought in every respect to be the object uppermost in your thoughts, the being whose regard you most covet, and whose approbation you most wish for."

"And so he is, Effa ; surely you do not doubt my love for him," said Mrs. Emlin, almost angrily.

" Indeed I do not ; nor do I doubt his, for you. But you must remember, Louisa, that because he has loved you, is no reason that he should continue to do so, when you become so much changed in manner and appearance, as scarcely to be recognized as the same person. Mr. Emlin loved and married the happy, accomplished, and amiable Louisa Mowbray; and if you wish to possess his love, you must still retain these qualities."

" But his temper is not even."

" The tempers of men, my dear cousin, suffer many trials in their intercourse with the world, especially when engaged in a profession or business; and it will sometimes chance that the most attached husband will return to his home ruffled in temper; but instead of meeting his frowns with petulance and sullenness, you must endeavour by kindness to win him back to good-humour. And among other things to be avoided, is a reverse to tears, lamentations, and upbraiding. If tears ~~must~~ fall, you must retire to some secret corner, where you can remain

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unobserved by every one of your household, and when the fit is over, you must meet your husband, if not with cheerfulness, with serenity, and without references to the past. Tears are a reproach to a man, which he keenly feels, and though he may, in the first instance, appear to be moved by them, if they be repeated upon every slight occasion, he will become disgusted."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Emlin, smiling; "you are a great advocate for entire submission."

"I own I am," replied Effa. "I am certain that she is the happiest wife, who knows no will but her husband's."

"I should be ridiculed by all my acquaintances, if I were to be so subservient."

"Has your husband ever required any thing of you, which is incompatible with your character as a Christian, or which is very unreasonable?" asked Effa.

"No," replied Mrs. Emlin.

"Then, which do you most value,—the approbation of the world, with whom you have but occasional intercourse, or the love and esteem of your husband, whose interests

are too closely bound to your own to be loosened?"

"I believe you are right, Effa, and I will follow your advice," said Mrs. Emlin.

And Effa was pleased to observe Louisa's endeavours to correct some little errors in her conduct, which arose from thoughtlessness; and before she returned home, she had the joy to see her cousin's face again beaming with smiles, and to witness Mr. Emlin's happiness in his wife, his child, and his home.

"Now Effa," said Mrs. Emlin, as they were chatting together the last evening which they were to spend with each other, "I cannot sufficiently thank you, for your kind visit; it has been of infinite service to me, and I do not know how I can better show my gratitude than by renewing my former prophecy."

"The time has long passed," replied Effa, smiling, "and therefore you are not a true prophetess."

"But I shall be this time, dear Effa. Will you believe me? All gipseys require faith in their prognostics."

"I can have no faith in you, when you

assume the character of a fortune-teller, Louisa."

"Will you have faith in me, my sweet cousin, when I promise you a handsome and loving husband?"

"No, indeed I will not, Louisa."

"Will you believe me, when I tell you that a certain gentleman, who shall be nameless, — ah! I see by that blush, that you understand me; but give me your hand, I must act my part thoroughly," and she playfully took Effa's hand, and looking alternately from its palm, to her cousin's countenance, said, "I see by this line, that happiness great as you wish awaits your return to S——; thither you will go as Effa Pierpont, but you will soon stand at the altar in that dear church, as I stood, a bride. Nay, don't look so incredulous, my fair coz. I have correspondents at S——, and I am told that every thing depends upon yourself, and, if I must speak plainly, that Edward Wrottesley loves you."

The colour fled from Effa's cheeks and lips as she said with earnestness, "Do not de-

ceive me. Be careful what you say, Louisa, it is a subject upon which I cannot joke."

"Nor do I wish to joke, my dear Effa. I tell you, as I am told myself, and by one who has an opportunity of knowing. My mother has told me that Edward has inadvertently, almost acknowledged that his heart is yours."

An hysterical sob of joy burst from our heroine as she threw herself into the arms of Mrs. Emlin.

"Now Effa," said Louisa, smiling through her tears, "you have no longer a secret from me, and my suspicions, formed long ago, are confirmed. You have made me happy, and I can best show my gratitude by wishing most sincerely that you may be happier than I am, because you deserve to be so."

## CHAPTER XIII.

It was with an anxious joy that Effa again entered her uncle's house, and Edward was there to welcome her return to S——.

S—— had been to Effa a happy and loved home, and she had become attached to every thing belonging to it ; her absence had been only for a few weeks, but she delighted to wander through those dear woods again, and to visit every spot which had been a haunt for her. But although this gave her pleasure, yet a much greater happiness was derived from the converse and companionship of her first friend.

Who has not felt the endearing tie of friendship ?— the delight of associating with one



whom we loved in early life? — who was the companion of our games and of our tasks. Years may pass over us, years of glory or shame, — fortune may smile or frown upon us — we may have been courted or hated by the world — we may have made friends or enemies — but the heart still will turn with joy to the companion of our childhood, and the friend of our innocent, early, and happy days; we may have been separated — events may for a time have deadened our feelings — but when we afterwards meet, when we feel that we may again love as we have loved, tenderness for that dear friend returns with tenfold strength to our breasts.

So it was with Effa; she never recurred to the days of her childhood, except that her present bliss might be enhanced by the remembrance of their sorrows; her life, her happiness she dated from the moment of her adoption, and with that moment Edward Wrottesley was firmly united; from that time he had been her companion, her friend; and now that hope was given her, of a yet brighter happiness, her heart clung to him with the

full strength of the love which had grown in it, despite of disappointment and doubt.

She grieved not at his still melancholy smile, although she wished it had been one of joy; but joy would come to him and to her, and they should drink the deeper of it together, for the perplexities each had experienced.

Again, and again, she encountered his deep, long look, as he gazed at her altered countenance, admiring its happy expression, and her more than friendliness of manner, which though it had lost its reserve, was tinged by diffidence.

"Your visit to Louisa, has been of service to you, my dear child," said her doating uncle.

Effa blushed in reply.

Edward knew not to what source to attribute the alteration in Effa, and he became yet more melancholy and reserved as he thought with a pang of jealousy, that she might have met with some other, whom she could love, or perhaps that William had successfully again repeated his offer.

It was in one of these moods that he leaned upon the mantle-piece one evening, after the separation of some friends, and when Effa with elated spirits, looked more beautiful in his eyes, than ever she had done before.

Effa observed his melancholy, and said to him, "I fear you have not been pleased this evening, Mr. Wrottesley?"

Wrottesley assured her to the contrary.

"You are then unwell," she said anxiously.

Edward said he was perfectly well.

"Then you are unhappy. And you think me too giddy a girl to confide in; and yet you might trust me."

She spoke half reproachingly, and in sorrow, for the thought that Louisa had raised false hopes in her breast, crossed her mind, and she almost believed that he still "could not love her," else why did he not confide in her as formerly? Why did his spirits droop, as her own increased in happiness? Was he displeased with her? Did he think less highly of her? And she almost believed this to be

the case ; and with a subdued heart she said, "you think me changed, but I am not : perhaps it would be better for me, if I were." The latter part of the sentence was uttered little above a whisper, but Edward heard it, and again his penetrating gaze was fixed upon her.

Effa went to her harp, and striking its strings, with an assumed cheerfulness she said, "I would, if possible, recall olden times to your recollection. 'Allan Water,' used to be a favourite with you."

And she sung sweetly and plaintively the little ballad.

Edward moved not from his position. Sorrow for his apparent unhappiness overcame every other feeling in the bosom of Effa ; she forgot herself and every thing, while he stood before her : and going up to him, she gently laid her hand upon his arm, as she said, "Edward, dear Edward."

Her touch was magic, her words still more so ; he seized her hand, and his lips were upon it ; a few words told all his feelings, all his hopes.

"I am very silly," said the smiling Effa, raising her blushing face, moistened with tears, from his shoulder, "I am very silly thus to cry at my happiness."

Her tears were dried, and Edward requested a long interview the following morning, as he had much to say.

"I also," said Effa, "have a long love-tale to tell." And it was told, and they were happy.

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A few weeks passed, and Effa stood at the altar, a timid — trembling — trusting woman; her cheek as pale and colourless as the dress she wore, save where a throbbing vein, told there was life in its paleness — one only tear stood in her eye, fear had made it start, but confiding love had bid it hang on the lid — her voice was calm but low.

Dr. Pierpont's manner was more than usually solemn, his voice was deeper, although it sometimes trembled, but he gave his beloved child, to the care and love of his

young friend, with confidence, that an almost perfect happiness awaited them both.

The blessings of the poor, with whom the church was crowded, awaited the happy Effa; flowers were strewed in her path, and the congratulations of the inhabitants of the village greeted her.

"Am I not a true prophetess?" asked Louisa, as she embraced her cousin: "And oh! may my prophecy of uninterrupted happiness to you through life, prove as true!"

And Louisa's last prophecy was as true as her former one. Edward knew his beloved wife to be a rational being, and treated her as one. Effa entered upon the married state with a full knowledge of the duties it imposes, and with a firm determination to perform them; and in so doing she became the loved companion, and honoured wife, of a sensible and amiable man,—the most blessed state which a woman can enjoy.

## CHAPTER XIV.

EFFA now felt the happiness and importance of the married life, and the increase of duties which its state brings upon us. Although not necessarily bearing an active part in her domestic establishment, she did not consider that she was exempt from the superintendence of it ; she was the mistress of a family, and to no one did she delegate her power ; she gave every order herself, she purchased all the household goods, and economised the use of them.

Nor was she contented with merely paying the services of her domestics ; she felt that it is not all that is required between a master and a servant ; that there must be on each part a wish to oblige arising from a

feeling of respect, and on the other, a protecting kindness. The obligation between them is mutual, and the intercourse between them must be carried on with a consideration for the feelings of each other, with forbearance and allowances for slight errors.

The want of education, and the natural habits of the lower classes of society, have taken from them the keenness of feeling which is experienced by the higher and more refined in habits and intellect; and although they are thus, in a great measure, spared the being sensible of the humiliation of their state, which would very much pain us were we reduced to their level, yet, as we sometimes in our musings try to imagine the enjoyments of the luxuries and comforts of those above us, so may they also have the same occasional thoughts regarding us, which although not amounting to envy, in a slight degree ruffle the contentment of their bosoms; and as we feel acutely the supercilious or proud contempt cast sometimes upon us by our superiors, so do they feel, though not so painfully, every act and word which unne-



cessarily or tauntingly reminds them of their dependent state.

One of the principal causes of the scarcity of good servants, of which we daily hear complaints, is the total and blameable ignorance of many ladies of all household duties; their consequent dependence upon their domestics, and a constant change of them because they do not fulfil all that is required of them, and in which their mistresses are unable to direct or teach them. Did every lady understand the general work of her house, and would take the slight trouble of instructing her servants, the interest between them would be much increased by mutual services, and we should more frequently meet with instances of long servitude, which is alike honourable to both parties.

The habits of the heads of families have their influence upon the servants; carelessness, extravagance, and levity quickly spread from the parlour to the kitchen, as do also sobriety, order, neatness, and correctness; example in many cases has more weight

cept.

Mrs. Wrottesley, although accustomed to have a waiting-maid at her command, had escaped the error of some ladies, who are little aware how much of their private opinions and wishes are spread abroad by those whom they consider faithful confidants, to whom they too frequently disclose their secret thoughts, and are led by a show and profession of uncommon interest to repose undue confidence in those whose kind offices and shallow sympathy are too often merely bought, and may be the very next moment trafficked to a higher bidder.

Effa treated her domestics with kindness, but she never for one moment allowed them to forget the different situations of life in which they were placed ; on every occasion her servants were willing to obey her orders, because they were always reasonable ones, and her authority over them was never harshly exercised.

Edward felt the comforts of his home, and with fond and proud delight witnessed the activity and excellent management of his beloved wife. He wrote to his father such an

neglecting that duty, a woman tacitly declares that her parental affection is below that of the brute creation.

Who has not observed with pleasure the happiness of animals, while engaged in giving the natural food to their young,—the gentle bleating of the ewe,—the musical murmur of the cat, and the affectionate and happy language of all, which is answered by the playfulness of their offspring? And yet woman, endowed with fine intellect, and strong affections, belonging to the highest order of created beings, can determinately resist the pleasure of her child's innocent smile, as its little lips relax their labour for a moment, and its eyes fix themselves upon her face, with the delighted expression of its gratitude and love.

There is no doubt that, during infancy, the child loves that being best, from whom it receives its food. In those early days of life, there is but little difference between the brute and the human creature; and do we not know that the most effectual method of gaining the attachment of young animals, is by feeding

them?—so is it with the child, whose sensations of pain and pleasure spring almost solely from the feeling of hunger, and that of having it satisfied; and the human species, in this early stage of existence, will bestow the same fondness and attachment upon the being who gives it this pleasure, as does the brute animal. And why do we give a higher place in the order of created things, to those animals of the mammalia class, if it be not that the power and habit of nursing their young, seems to imply a near approach to our state of perfection in the affections and intellect?

The dispositions of children of the same family, and the powers of their minds, are as various as their outward forms, and call for much attention from the parent; a slight circumstance will sometimes act with a strong power of bias to virtue or vice, on the disposition of one child, which will have no effect upon that of another, and it is from a neglect of attending to these circumstances, that error takes root in the breast, and is afterwards ripened into vice.

It is a mistake, not to say a foolish practice, for some mothers to make the father the object of superior fear to their children. Upon every offence they are threatened with his anger, and are to receive punishment from his hands, thus doing him an irreparable injury, by making him more the object of fear than of love ; and the recollection of this awe will last through life, and influence the affections and conduct. Every child naturally feels the same love, and the same dislike of offending each parent, and knows no difference in their authority over him ; but if taught that all punishment is to emanate from the father, he who ought, *if there be any difference*, to enjoy the greatest love, will be the object of terror, and instead of being met with open arms and a delighted countenance, will be shunned, because the remembrance of some fault will cross the mind of his child upon his appearance. And when this superior authority is assumed by the father and accompanied by severity of treatment, the mother too often exercises a greater indulgence and a foolish fondness, which by producing a dis-

agreement between the parents, weakens the affection of the child for the one, and its respect for the other ; for taught as it has been that the father is the superior parent, it will attach some blame to the mother who incurs her husband's displeasure, and however dearly it may love her for her blind and secret indulgences, there will be very little respect blended with that love, which is almost purely selfish.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE strong maternal affection which reigned in Effa's bosom towards her children, kept alive the remembrance of her mother, the uncertainty of her fate, and increased the desire she had ever cherished to clear up that uncertainty. Yet much as she wished to relieve the necessities of her parent, to comfort her wounded spirit, and to give consolation to her remorse, she dreaded the consequence which might arise from an acquaintance with her, to her children. She wished them to consider those nearly related to them, as examples of virtue, by which they might form their own characters, and would if possible guard from their knowledge the most trifling errors of such relations, till maturity of intellect and

feeling should lead them to judge impartially and without prejudice. With these divided feelings and wishes, wavering between her mother and her children, Effa's bosom was not long agitated, for before her little ones could understand the errors of her parent, she had known that parent, and had consigned her to the grave.

Mrs. Wrottesley had her stated mornings, on which she received in her little private room, the poor of the village, and dealt out among them her charity as their necessities required, and as their merit deserved.

It was on one of these days, when a larger assemblage of the poor and needy than was usual awaited her attendance, that she observed among them, a woman in the meanest garb of poverty, and of a haggard countenance, the expression of which spoke bewilderment, if not phrenzy. She was a stranger, no one noticed her, or spoke to her, as she stood aloof from all, with her bonnet drawn closely over her face, and her head otherwise so completely enveloped in the folds of a handkerchief, as to leave little more than



her eyes discernible, but those eyes were immoveably and intently fixed upon Effa, who encountered their steadfast gaze with a feeling which she could not define. At length the claims of her visitors were discharged, and all had retired save the stranger; there she still stood in her retired corner, with the same intent gaze, and in the same immoveable posture. Effa was struck with something like fear, when she found herself alone with the mysterious creature.

“What can I do for you, my good woman?” she inquired, with a soothing manner and tone of voice.

A hideous movement of the lips, for it could not be called a smile, and a brightened glare of the eyes, showed themselves in the stranger's countenance, upon Effa's speaking; at length, in a hollow voice, the woman said, without stirring from the spot on which she stood, “Do for me? And are you willing to do aught for me?”

“Indeed I am most willing to relieve all who require assistance, and your appearance speaks poverty, my good woman.”

"Aye," replied the stranger, opening the cloak which hung upon her shoulders, and which with only one other garment, covered her shrunk form, "*I am poor, I am starving, I am miserable — but I am not good ; call me not good,*" she continued, advancing towards Mrs. Wrottesley, and clasping her arm, with her long thin fingers, while she looked bewildered in her face ; "*Call me not good,* unless to have caused the death of a mother, to have had a father's curse upon my head, to have left my home, and wandered upon the earth, to have associated with the vilest, most worthless, of human beings, is to be good ; then indeed am I most virtuous ;" and a phrenzied laugh so much frightened our heroine, that she was about to ring the bell to summon some of the domestics.

The stranger observed her intention, and removing her hand from the bell pull, she said, "Do not call any one, but listen to me. I am ragged, I am starved, and without a home ; yet have I been clothed richly, aye as yourself, and have fared as well, have had servants to do my bidding, and my home has

been sought by the high and wealthy. But I have sinned, and my brain wanders, yet 'tis not my head that suffers most, 'tis here," she said, pressing her hand upon her bosom, "here is the fever that will kill me. Would that I were this moment dead ! Yet have I wished for this moment ; I have thought of it when I have been in splendour ; I have thought of it when I have been in misery ; and if I dared to raise my voice to Heaven, I would thank God that I have seen it. But I cannot pray, and I dare not return thanks." She shuddered as she spoke ; then looked with something like tenderness at Effa for an instant, and again an hysteric laugh broke from her. "Do not be alarmed," she said, "I will not harm you ; do you think I would injure one of those locks ? Have I not loved you, and yearned to see you ? I might hate *him*, but I loved my child. Effa, I am your mother ! Spurn me not," and she sunk upon her knees before her child.

Fear was gone from the bosom of Effa ; she knew only that it was her mother who was before her, and her head sunk upon the

stranger's shoulder. What were rags, penury and madness to her? — that parent of whom she had never ceased to think, for whom she had prayed, over whose errors she had wept, was before her, and she rejoiced.

It is needless to prolong this scene, or to enter into details of the arrangements which Effa, in conjunction with her kind husband, made for the future comfort and maintenance of her restored and sorrowing parent; but while our heroine administered tenderly and unceasingly to the wants both of the mind and body of her erring mother, she could not but be aware how much the former had suffered from the pursuance of a vicious life. Poor Mary repented of her errors, but they had left a stain which could never be removed; for the character of woman is like a bed of snow, if it receive a blemish, however small and faint, it remains for ever; other snow may fall upon it, and the frost may slightly gloss it over, but the sullied spot will still be there, and when the thaw comes, it will be discernible in the discoloured moisture. — So it is with woman, — purity

is the essential ingredient of her nature, it is firm and durable as the clearest and brightest diamond, and is yet so delicate, that a blemish once blown upon it, however lightly, is never removed. This charm of her character, once gone, is gone for ever, — years of repentance and of good actions may atone for her error, and win forgiveness from Heaven, but still the contamination will remain, the discoloured spot is still there, and ages cannot purify it ; — the loss of this charm occasions more lasting, more acute, and deeper remorse than does any other evil deed ; and man is aware of this, he knows and feels the enormity of the ill he commits when he casts into shade this bright jewel ; he despises himself, and for his victim he feels not that hallowed love and esteem which a virtuous woman claims, and in which consists her dearest happiness.

The mother was abashed before her child, — she dared scarcely ask of her sympathy for her mental sufferings ; — she blushed as she received from her hope that her errors would be forgiven ; — she was humbled when

she received from her exhortations to repentance ; and the child mourned over the sin of a mother she could neither love nor esteem—induced by pity, she endeavoured to soothe her troubled mind—with Christian charity she endeavoured to win the erring heart back to the track of virtue—with piety she prayed for mercy.

Gratitude bound the poor sinner to the child, upon whom she had cast many an anxious thought ; who had raised a throb of virtue in her heart, when she had been surrounded by vice in its every form ; who alone had ever waked in her bosom a feeling of pure love ; and who now made her last days, days of comparative peace and happiness. Life flitted from her, sorrow and remorse preyed upon her constitution ;—she sunk—and her memory became to Effa a lesson of great power and strength against the indulgence of human passions, the pride of beauty, and the love of admiration. With fear and trembling she joyed in the infantine loveliness of her children, and while she rejoiced

that she was a mother, she deeply felt the responsibility of the trust reposed in her.

But Effa had no cause to tremble for the present or future welfare of her offspring, a strong sense of religion formed the basis of their characters ; she lived to rejoice in their virtues, and when her hour came she met death without a murmur, and was followed to the grave by those whom she had taught to be good and virtuous, as she herself had been.







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